

be true

# TRAGEDY OF HEROD AND ANTIPATER:

*With the Death of faire Marriam.*

---

According to I O S E P H U S, the  
learned and famous Jew.

*As it hath beene, diuers times publickly Acted  
(with great Applause) at the Red Bull, by the  
Company of his Maiesties REVELLS.*

---

Written by { GERVASE MARKHAM,  
And  
WILLIAM SAMBSON. } Gentlemen.



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AT LONDON  
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old at his Shoppe, upper end of the Old  
street neere the Church of St. Dunstons, 1622.



1800

1800

# TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL, SIR

THOMAS FINCH, *Knight and Barronet*, and  
to all the most worthy and noble Personages  
of that Honourable FAMILIE.



Orthy Sir; things of this Nature, (as  
Cicero saith) defending themselves, can  
offend none: This Poem, hauing freed it  
selfe from detracting Tongues and Crit-  
ticke Censurers on the Stage; prostrates  
Her selfe, with all that is Hers, to your iudicious Iudge-  
ment. And, indeed, to whom should I send Her, but to him,  
and those that euer lou'd Her sacred Delphicke Fires.  
The Subiect, though plaine, yet it is pitbie; and, if we may  
giue credence to Antiquity, it is nothing more then Truth  
(as saith Iosephus) and, if in this any thing shall remaine  
that may relish your Pallate, as no quistion, but amongst  
Beds of Bryers there may be one sweet Rose; which, if from  
you it win Applause, to keepe it safe from the nipping of all  
busie brawling Barkers, curious Caniliers, and all the fa-  
ctious family of Momus his Mates: I shal, as euer I haue  
beene, so still rest, euer bound to your worthinesse.

Your Worships truly deuoted,

WILLIAM SAMPSON.



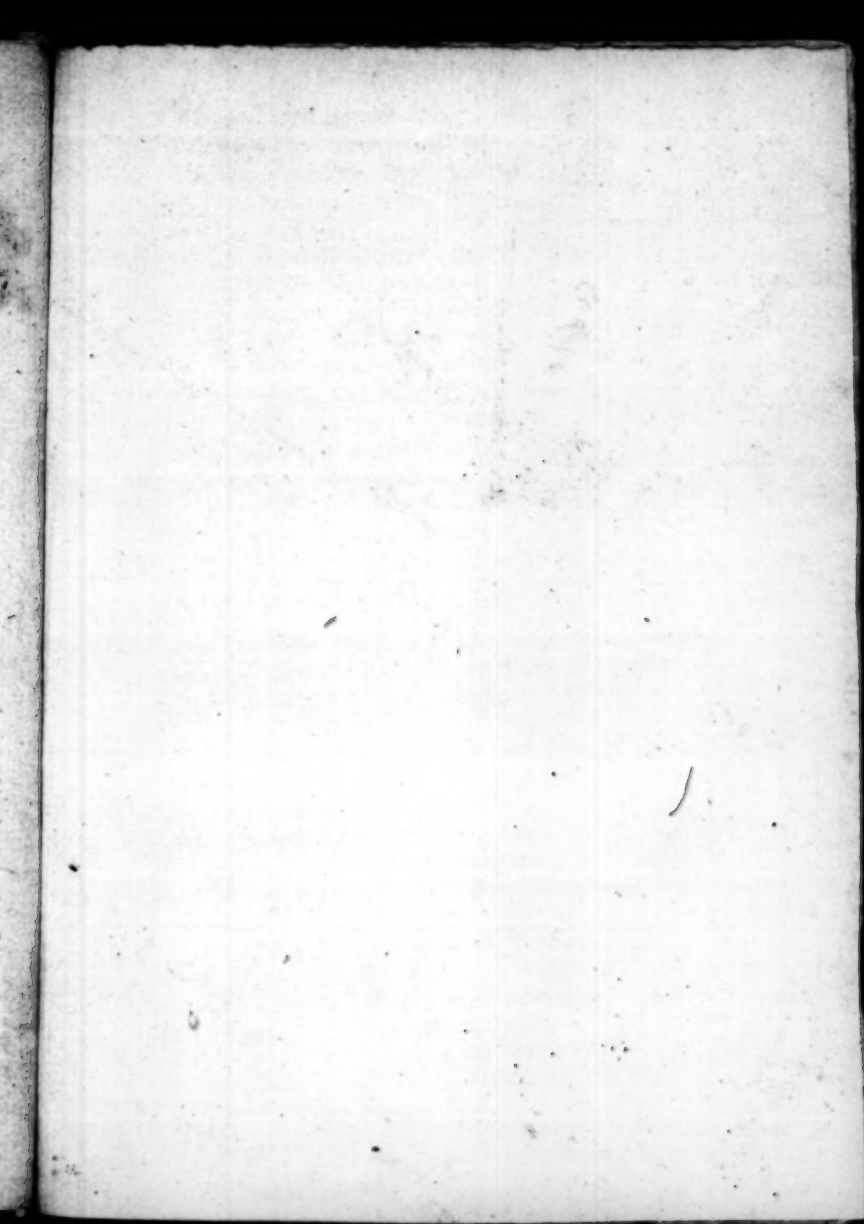
## THE PROLOGVE.

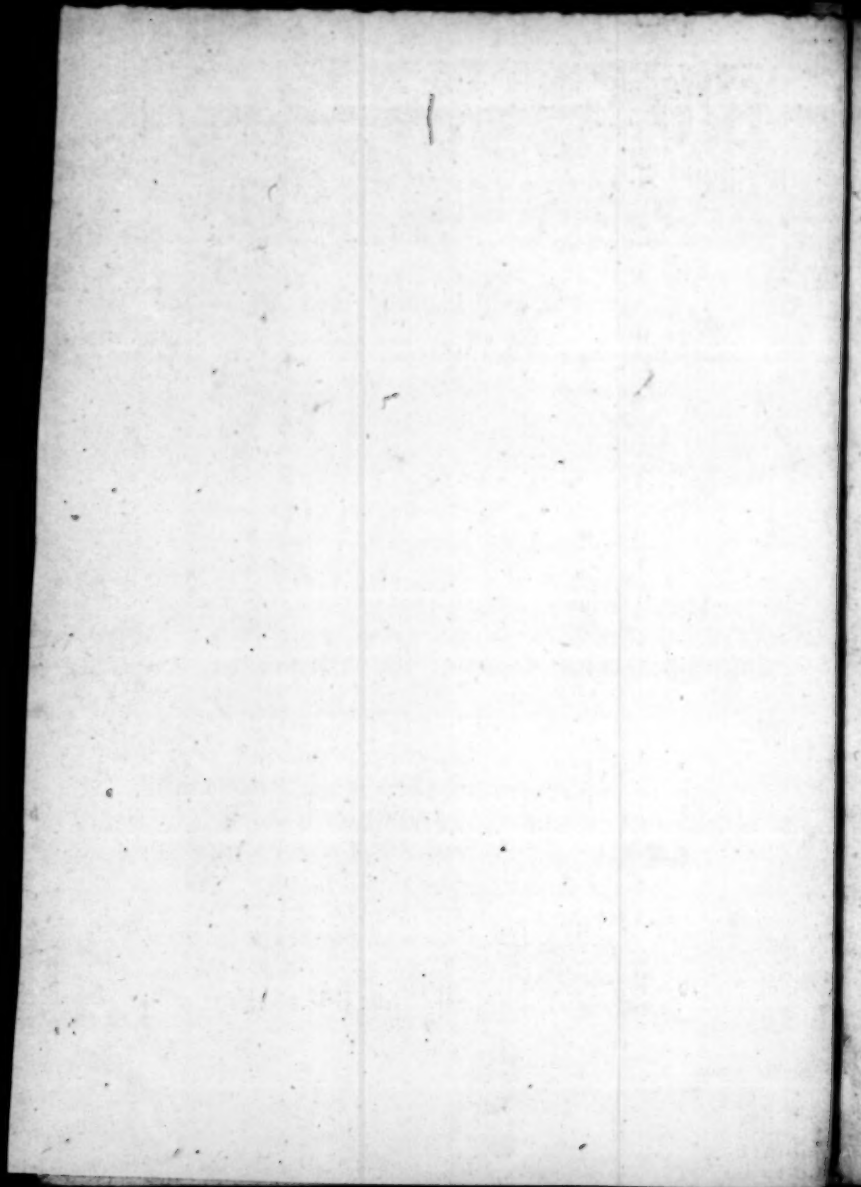
**T**imes eldest Daughter (Truth) presents our Play;  
And, from forgotten Monuments of Clay,  
Cals up th' Heroicke Spirits of old Times,  
Fam'd then as well for Vertues as blacke Crimes;  
And with Her owne Tongue, and owne Phrase, to tell  
The Actions they haue done, or ill, or well.

IOSEPHVS th' ancient Writer, with a Pen  
Lent by the Muses, giues new life to Men;  
Who breath'd such Tragicke Accents forth toth' Eare  
Of Hebrew Armies, which you now shall heare;  
Please you to sit attentine: Wit hath runne  
In a Zodaicall Circle, like the Sunne,  
Through all Inention; which is growne so poore  
Shée can shew nought, but what ha's beene before:  
Yet Reuerend History, which upon the Stage  
Hath oft beene heard speake; hopes, euen for Her Age,  
Your strong hands will support Her; Shée must liue  
Now by no heate, but what your beames doe giue:  
To gaine which (though Her Scenes seeme graue and drie)  
Shée heere and there with a laose wing doth flye;  
Striuing to make you merry: No other Bayes  
She reaches at, but this; your Loues, your Praise.

The







## *Herod and Antipater.*

The liues we either borrow or doe lend  
Must bee forgot and made ridiculous :  
You vnderstand me, goe, dispatch, away.

*Ant.* With faith great as your longings. *Exit Anims &*

*Ant.* So, why so ; *Soldiers.*

Thus haue I started brauely, and maintain'd  
My race with full speed to ambition ;  
Much of my way is smoothed by the deaths  
Of proud *Antigonus* and *Alexander*,  
But chiefly of *Hircanus*, till hee went  
My torch could neuer kindle ; could I now  
But dampe the high Priest *Aristobulus*,  
(As there's much water towards) and in it  
Drowne his old politique Mother, halfe my way  
Lies as my thoughts would wish it ; and how ere  
By birth I am a Bastard, yet my wit  
Shall beare me 'boue the true-borne ; for 'tis found,  
Power inakes all things lawfull, all things sound. *Exit.*

*Cornets: and, Enter Herod, Mariam, Kiparis, Alexander, Aristobulus, Salumish, Pheras, Ioseph and Attendants.*

*Her.* Who sits on the Tribunall, sits on thorne,  
And dangers doe surround him ; for at it  
Enuy stands euer gazing, and with darts  
Headed with lightning strikes vnto the heart  
Of euer noble action : What can Kings  
Doe, that the rude not censure and peruert  
To vilde interpretations ? Nay, although  
Iustice and mercy guard them ; though mens faults  
Are growne so odious, that euen Cruelty  
Is a commended goodnesse, meere Distrust  
A reasonable vertue ; Secrecie,  
Important and most needfull ; and Suspect,  
A worthy truth, which needs no witnesses :  
Yet, in this case, (where men cannot erre twice)  
What shall we doe, that shall scape Infamie ?

*Ant.* Fine dissimulation !

*Her.* O 'tis a hell to thinke on, that how ere

*The true Tragedy of*

Our natures are inclin'd to pittie, yet  
Our actions must be cruell (or so thought)  
To guard our liues from danger; wicked men  
With their sinnes so transforme vs. O my Loue,  
This vnto thee I speake, whose tender heart  
I know hath bitter thoughts, when it records  
Thy Fathers and thy Grand-fathers mishaps:  
'Tis true, I caus'd them dye; but (gentle Sweete)  
Necessity, thy safety, mine, nay all the Lands,  
Were my most iust assistants; and the act  
Was noble, how ere blam'd of Cruelty.

*Mar.* My dearest Lord, doe not mistake my temper,  
My Grand-father, and Father, when they fell,  
How euer Nature taught mine eyes to weepe,  
Yet in my loue to you I buried them;  
They were rich Jewels once, but, set by you,  
They haue nor price, nor lustre; 'tis mine eye  
That pitties them, my heart doth honour you.

*Ant.* O y're a goodnesse past equality,  
And all the blessed times which are to come  
Shall with more admiration then beleefe  
Receiue th' incredible, but vndoubted truth,  
Of your rare mildnesse, faith and temperance.

*Her.* It shall indeed; and be this kisse a scale  
Of our perpetuall loue-knot; yet (my Queene)  
There are new Treasons hatching, which (beleeu't)  
Wil stretch thy patience higher: *Ioseph*, read  
That strange and cunning Letter.

*Ioseph reads.*

I write short ALEXANDRA, for feare of interception; that  
Herods cruelty extendeth to the death of thy Husband, and im-  
prisonment of thy selfe, I lament: and I cannot send thee; but if  
by flight thou canst escape, Egypt shall receiue thee: I am glad  
thy Sonne Aristobolus is high Priest, let him accompany thy  
Iourney: If I should deale for thee by force, I raise two mighty  
enemies, Rome and Iuda; thou art wise, fare as my selfe:  
Thine CLEOPATRA, Q. of Egypt.

Kip. Theie

## Herod and Antipater.

*Rip.* These are miraculous Treasons.

*Sal.* Subtile ploys.

*Phs.* Strange interwinding mischiefs,

*Mar.* Say not so,

Giue them a gentler title; nothings read  
That doth accuse my Mother or my Brother.

*P. Alex.* Indeed 'tis but an invitation  
Of others Loue, not their confederacy.

*T. Ari.* Th' Egyptian Queen perswades, but their consent  
Is not conceiued heere.

*Her.* Deere wife and Sonnes,  
Loue hath a blindfold iudgement; would their hearts  
Were harmelesse as your wishes; but heere comes  
The man will reconcile vs: Captaine, speake,  
Where's *Alexandra*? Where's *Aristobulum*?

*Enter Animis with Soldiers, bringing two Trunks.*

*Ani.* Sir, they are fled.

*Her.* Fled! do not speake it; better thou hadst funke  
To hell, then bring that mischiefe.

*Antip.* O the Diuell!

This was your hackney pace.

*Ani.* By all that's true,  
I haue not slackt a minute; they were gone  
Ere I had my commission, and so fast,  
My speed could not outstrip them; yet I tooke  
This luggage and their Seruants, whence (no doubt)  
Your Maiesty may gather new instructions.

*Her.* Whence I may gather my despaire and grieve;  
Villaine, thou hast betray'd me; in their losse,  
I'm lost to fate an danger: Silly Snaile;  
Could Sloth haue crept so slowly? Why, thy way  
Was smooth as glasse, and thou mightst haue surpriz'd  
Them easier then to speake it. O you Gods,  
What plummetts hang at Vassals heeles; and how  
Doth sleepe and dulnesse ceaze them! But I vow,  
Thy life shall pay thy forfait.

*Ani.* Gracious Sir:

## The true Tragedy of

*Her.* Talk't thou of grace; and in this act hast lost,  
All things that's like, or neare it? Did not scorne  
Hold me, my hand should kill thee.

*P. Alex.* Good Sir, thinke——

*Her.* That y'are too rude to offer thus to thrust  
'Twixt me and my resolution. *Antip.* Not a word;  
'Tis death t'ouface this lightening.

*Her.* Lost, and fled, and gone, and all my hope  
Turn'd topsie turvie downward? *Ioseph,* harke.

*Herod whispers with Ioseph, and beckens all the rest unto them, but  
Marriam, and Antipater.*

*Mar.* Blest be the God of Iuda, which hath brought  
My royall Mother, and my Brother safe,  
Out of the hands of sad Captiuitie.

O, I will offer Sacrifice each day;  
And make that houre a Sabbath, which doth bring  
Them safe from threatening danger. *Antip.* Madam, Amen;

With that prayer Ile ioyne euer, and innoke  
Prosperity to guard them; —but (in-heart)  
Wish that damnation, like a Thunder-bolt,

Would beat them into cynders. *Her.* 'Tis resolu'd,  
Force shall compell what vertuously I would  
Haue sought from milde intreaty; for those Trunks,  
Goe throw them into *Silo*, let that Lake

Deuoure them and their treasures. *Ios.* Not so good,  
You may, by that meanes, blind-fold cast away  
What you would after purchase with your blood;

But cannot then recall it: Sir, conceiue;  
There may be Complots, Letters, Stratagems,  
And things we cannot dreame of. *Kip.* Nay, perhaps

Some new negotiations. *Sul.* Paper tongues,  
That may discouer strange dissemblers. *Her.* True,

You haue preuail'd, breake vp those rotten Tombes,  
Lets see what Ghosts they harbor. Ha, whats this?

*Here they breake open the trunks, and finde Alexandra, and  
Aristobulus the elder.*

*Mar.* O me, my Mother and my Brother! Eyes  
Drop out and see not their destruction.

*Antip.*

## Herod and Antipater.

*Antip.* Vnhappy chance. *Ios.* Vnfortunate young-man.

*T. Arist.* 'Tis fate not to be shunned.

*P. Alex.* Woe the time.

*Her.* What's heere: the high Priest like a Juggler?

Are these his holy Garments; this his Roabe,  
His Brest-plate and his Ephod, his rich Coare,  
His Miter and his Girdle? Can it be,  
That this was once *Queene of Ierusalem?*  
O you immortall Gods, to what disguise  
Will Treachery transforme vs!

*Q. Alex.* Rather thinke,  
How sharpe a plague is Tyrannie: O King,  
Remember 'tis the fiercest Beast, of all  
That are accounted sanage; yet delights  
In Flattery, which is the worst of them  
That are tame and domestique: With these Fiends  
My life can finde no pleasure; doe not then  
Blame me to seeke my freedome.

*Eld. Arist.* Mighty Sir,  
If Life bee th'onely Iewell Heauen can lend,  
And that in the Creation was not made  
A thing of equall purchase; how can wee  
Offend, that but preserve it? You may say,  
It hath deceiu'd vs; yet Sir, I will thinke  
How ere it finish heere, 'tis but a stroke  
To draw it forth vnto eternity.

*Her.* 'Tis a good resolution; for (beleeu't)  
Your dayes on earth are finisht; treacherous plots  
Like these, shall not ore take me.

*Q. Ios.* But your Tyrannie  
Shall out-runne all example: Sir, Despaire  
Armes me with truth and boldnesse; I dare now  
Tell you, of Kings, you are the wickedest;  
And I, that in the ruines of my blood,  
Read your destroying nature, and collect  
Into a short briefe many Tragedies,  
Acted vpon our family; what hope  
Is left, that can assist vs?

*Her.* You



# The true Tragedy of

*Her.* You are plaine.

*Q. Alex.* Truth hath no need of figures: was't not you  
That did betray *Hircanus* in his flight  
To the Arabian Monarch; and when laid  
In harmlesse sleepe then slew him? Did not you  
Hire the bloody *Cassius* to cut off  
My fathers head, (the lou'd *Antigonus*?)  
Haue you not kild my Husband, troad my Sonnes  
Into the mire, that you might safely walke  
Ouer their heads vnto Ambition?  
And can you hope, that wee haue any hope  
In you, but desolation? *Her.* Your despair  
Turne temperance into folly; Charity  
Would more become the dying. *E. Arist.* Tis confest;  
Nor is it lost in this sad Argument:  
We know our liues are forfeit; take them Sir;  
To dye, is the first contract that was made  
Twixt Mankinde and the World; tis a debt,  
For which there's no forgiuenesse, th'onely cause  
For which we were created; and, indeed,  
To die's mans nature, not his punishment;  
What folly then would shun it? Boldly Sir,  
Vse what your power hath conquer'd. *Her.* So I will;  
Your owne lips are your Iudges; and these hands,  
Arm'd with these two Scillettos at one blow,  
Shall thus driue all feares from me; but vnite *Offers to stab.*  
Two friends in mine imbraces; happy ones, *lets the poniard*  
Exceeding happy ones; let not your feares *fall, & imbraces*  
Draw to your eyes false figures, or make me *Ant.*  
Appere that which I am not: come, I loue you, *Alex.*  
Dearely I loue you; all that I haue done  
Constraint, and not my nature perswaded:  
Be henceforth free for euer; *Egypt*, nor  
The World shall safelier guard you; as you stand  
Thus shall you still support me; Holines *Places Arist. on his*  
Vpon my right hand; Mother you shall sit *right hand, and Q.*  
Euer vpon my left hand; both shall be *Alex. on his left.*  
Mine Armour, Counsell, and prosperity.

*Omnes.*

## Herod and Antipater.

*Omnes.* This grace is past example; *Herods* a God.

*Her.* 'Tis but their first step to felicity:

*Antipater*, your eare.

*Herod whispers with Antipater, Antipater with T. Alexander,  
and Prince Aristobulus.*

*T. Alex.* Mother, the King is gracious.

*Q. Alex.* Past beleefe,

Nor shall the memory lose me; this not fain'd,  
He fixe my prayers vpon him. *Ios.* You shall doe  
Wrong to your royall nature to suspect him.

*E. Arist.* Sir, 'tis true;

I hold his word a rocke to build vpon.

*P. Arist.* The sport is excellent, the wager firme,  
My person shall maintaine it.

*T. Alex.* So shall mine.

*Clap hands.*

*Amip.* And if I shrinke, make me a weather-cocke.

*Her.* How soone a foule day's cleered: Now to make  
Your happinellie more constant; Brother, know,  
The Temple of King Salomon which I  
The other day defaced and threw downe  
Low as the earth it stood on; once againe  
I will erect with double excellence.

*Ioseph*, my Brother, to your noble charge  
I giue that holy building; see it fram'd  
To th'height of Art and wonder; spare no gold,  
Iewels, nor rich imbostructure; I haue mines,  
And all shall be exhausted; that the world  
May boast, King *Herod* out-went *Salomon*.

*Ios.* Sir, y'haue ingag'd me where my heart desir'd;  
Doubt not my diligence. *Her.* 'Tis knowne too well:

How now, what newes Centurion? How stands fate  
Betweene *Augustus* and *Marke Anthony*? *Enter Hillus.*

*Hill.* O royall Sir, deadly vnfortunate;  
For, neuer was so sad a day before

*Antip. E. Arist.*

Seene to ore-couer *Egypt*: To be brieft  
*Augustus* hath the Conquest; *Anthony* *T. Ari. P. Alex.*  
*whisper.*

Lies buried in the blood his warlike hand  
Strucke from his royall bosome; the sad Queene

*The true Tragedy of*

Oretakes him with like fury, and now both  
Are turnd to dust and ashes. *Her.* Thou hast spoke  
Much sorrow in a few words. *Hill.* But hold still  
Farre greater to vnburthen: Soone as chance  
Had made *Augustus* happy, and orethrowne  
Faire *Cleopatra*, and her *Anthony*;  
Hee viewes his spoyles, and 'mongst them findes the aide  
Y'ad sent to interpose him: Now hee frownes,  
Bends his inraged forehead, and protests,  
That *Juda* and *Ierusalem* shall curse  
They euer heard the name of *Anthony*:  
And this hee spake with such an Emphasis,  
As shooke my heart within me; yet gaue wings  
Vnto my faith to tell you. *Her.* Sir, no more,  
Th'ast split me with thy Thunder; I haue made  
*Rome* and the world my mortall enemies;  
Yet vertue did transport me; but that guard  
Is no guard now: Tell me, Centurion,  
Where did you leaue *Augustus*? *Hill.* Sir, in *Rhodes*.  
*Her.* Tis a faire easie Iourney, I'm resolu'd;  
Nor shall perswasion change me; hence Ile goe,  
And as a Hermite throw at *Casars* feete  
My Crowne and person; if hee pittie them,  
My peace is made; if otherwise,  
My fault flies not beyond me. *Kip.* O my Sonne,  
This is a desperate hazard. *Sal.* Nay tis more;  
A tempting of your fortune. *Her.* Be content,  
Mother and Sister, nothing alters me;  
Nor doe they loue me, that would draw my will  
To any other compasse: *Ioseph*, to you  
I leaue the Realmes protection, and the care  
Of building vp the Temple: Nay, no teares, *The women*  
They prophesie my death, which doe but shew *weep.*  
A low dejected countnance; if I haue  
Power in your hearts, this day I challenge you  
To giue them vnto pastime, that the world  
May see, we dread not fortune. *Antip.* Tis resolu'd;  
And Ile be first to shew obedience.

Sir,

*Herod and Antipater.*

Sir, 'twixt my Princely Brothers and my selfe,  
I've made a match of Swimming, if you please  
But to allow the Contract. *Her.* How is't made?

*Antip.* That I and th'high Priest *Aristobulus*,  
Will swim more swift, more comely, and more wayes,  
Then can my Princely Brothers. *Her.* Are all agreed?

*Eld. Arist.* All, if your Majesty consent thereto.

*Her.* For those young men it skills not; but Sir, you,  
I'm curious of your danger. *Ant.* There's no feare.

*P. Alex.* Tis a braue recreation. *T. Arist.* A fit skill  
For Princes to delight in. *Eld. Arist.* Gracious Sir,  
Let me consort my Brothers. *Her.* Be your will  
Your owne director; I am satisfied.

*All.* Why tis a match then.

*Her.* Yet looke well to your safeties; for my selfe,  
*Rhodes* is mine obiect: Dearest Loue, farewell;  
This kisse seale my remembrance; Mothers, let  
Your onely prayers assist me; for the rest,  
Despaire not till my downfall; goe, away,  
Reply not, if you loue me; only *Antipater*, *Exc. all but He-*  
Stay and attend me further. Princely youth, *rod and Antip.*  
Of all the hopes that doe attend my life,  
Thy Greatnesse is my greatest; nor would I *Ioseph returns*  
Imbarque me in this desperate vessell thus, *and listens.*  
Wer't not to raise thy fortunes: But tis now  
No time for Courtship; onely, I must leaue  
Two sad commandments with thee. *Ant.* Speak them Sir,

Without exception, you cannot deuise  
What Ile not execute. *Her.* Tis nobly said:

Thou seest the high Priest *Aristobulus*,  
And knowst how like a heauy waight he hangs,  
Pressing our fortunes downeward; if hee liue  
Our liues haue no assurance. *Ant.* Tis resolu'd,

Hee neuer sees to morrow; soone at night,  
When we doe swim our wager, Ile so teach  
His Holinesse to diue, that on the earth  
He nere shall tread to hurt vs. *Her.* Thou hast hit  
The obiect that I lookt at. *Ios.* (But shot wide

*The true Tragedy of*

Of goodnes, and all good thoughts.) *Her.* This perform'd,  
There yet remaines another thing to doe,  
Which neerer lier doth concerne me. *Ant.* Speake it Sir;  
Your pleasure is mine Armour. *Her.* Briefly thus,  
If through my fortune, or *Augustus* wrath,  
I perish in this Iourney; by that loue,  
Which nature, fauour, or my best deserts  
Can kindle in thy bosome; I coniure  
And binde thee on the first intelligence,  
By poyson, sword, or any violent meanes,  
To kill my Wife *Marriam*; let no man  
But *Herod* tast her sweetnesse; which perform'd,  
My soule in death shall loue thee. *Ant.* Thinketis done;  
By heauen the houre which tells me of your death,  
Is th'oure of her destruction; I haue sworne,  
And there's no fate can change me. *Her.* Be thy selfe,  
Constant and vnremoued; to farewell.

*Ios.* Two fiends like these were neuer spit from Hell.

*Exeunt Herod and Ioseph severally.*

*Ant.* Goe *Herod*, happy King; nay *Herod*, goe,  
Vnhappy, cause so happy; happy King,  
Whilst thou art a King; vnhappy when no King:  
Hangs then mishap or hap vpon a King, or no King?  
Then *Herod*, be no King; *Antipater* be King:  
And what's a King? a God: and what are Gods, but Kings?  
*Ioue*, Prince of Gods, was petty King of paltry *Creete*;  
Men subiect are to Kings and Gods; but of the twaine,  
Their Gods than Kings commands, they rather disobay;  
Kings greater then; nay, better then, then Gods:  
Then but a King or God, naught with *Antipater*;  
And rather King then God; no God; a King, a King.  
When I complaine to Echo but head-aking; it cries, a King:  
When I, in mirth, am musique making; it sounds, a King:  
Each sight, when I am waking; presents a King:  
When I my rest am taking; I see a King.  
Last night I saw, or seem'd to see; nay, sure I saw  
A Crown hang ore my head; & through the Crown a Sword:  
I saw, I sigh'd, I cryed, O when? O when?

## Herod and Antipater.

Fall Crowne; yea fall with Sword; fall both, so one may fall;  
 But why dreame I of falling, that must rise;  
 Nay runne, nay leape, nay flie vnto a Crowne;  
 Gyants heape hills on hills, to scale high Heauen;  
 I, heads on heads, to climbe a Kingdomes Skye:  
 But oh, I am a Sonne; a Sunne, O happy name;  
 A Sunne must shine alone, obscuring Moone, and Starres:  
 I, but I am a Bastard; what of that?  
 Men base by birth, in worth are seldome base;  
 And Natures Out-casts, still are Fortunes Darlings:  
*Bacchus, Apollo, Mercury;* Bastards, yet brauest Gods:  
 Then, why not I a God, a Demi-God, or Worthy?  
 You Gods, you Demi-Gods, you Worthies then assist me;  
 That, as our birth was like, our worth may beare like price:  
 If they refuse; come Devils, and befriend me;  
 My breast lies open; come; come Furies and possesse it;  
 Hatch heere some monstrous brood, worthy of you and me;  
 Which all Posterities may know, but none beleue;  
 Whereat the Sunne may not goe backe, as once it did,  
 At *Atreus* tyrannie; but fall and dye for euer: (blee;  
 Wherat the Heau'ns may quake, Hell blush, & Nature trem-  
 And men (halfe mad) may stand amaz'd. So, so, it works, it  
 My breast iwels to a Mountaine; and I breed (works;  
 A Monster, past description; to whose birth,  
 Come Furies, and bee Mid-wiues. Harke! O harke!

*Dumbe Shew.*

*Musique: and, Enter Egystus and Clitemnestra dancing a Cur-  
 ranto, which is broken off by the sound of Trumpets: then, enter  
 Agamemnon, and diuers Noblemen in Triumph: Egystus  
 whispers with Clitemnestra, and deliners her a slemelasse shirt;  
 then slips aside: Clitemnestra imbraces Agamemnon, he dis-  
 misses his Trainee; shee offers him the shirt, he offers to put it on,  
 and being intangled, Egystus and shee kills him; then departs,  
 leaving at Antipaters feete two Scrowles of paper.*

*Ant.* So shall it be; shall it? no shalls; tis done, dispatche:  
 Who can resolue, can doe; who can dispose, can better:  
 My way, seauen single persons, and two houses crosse;  
 Supported by a many headed beast:

*The true Tragedy of*

O, had they all one head, or all their heads one necke;  
 Or all their necks one body, which one blow might broach;  
 But had they *Hydra's* heads, *Gerions* bodies; *Hercules*,  
 By making them away, would make his way to Heauen:  
 But as an hunger-starued Tyger, betweene two Heifers,  
 Here yawnes, there gapes, in doubt where first to fasten;  
 So doubt I where to set my pawes, but care not where;  
 My Father shall be first, that order be obseru'd;  
 Whose death I wish, not worke, lest piety be wanting;  
 Rome will I hope ease me of that disturbance:  
*Herod* is come *Augustus*, friend to thy foe, and so thy foe;  
 Keep him *Augustus*, nay kill him *Augustus*, or Ioue kill him &  
 Passe he by Land or Sea, or Hell, or vnder Heauen: (thee;  
 O Earth; food vnto him, or none, or noysome giue:  
 O Sea; his ships or sinke in sands, or drinke in waues:  
 O Heauen; or stop his breath, or lend contagious breath:  
 O Hell; for kindnesse, call him in thy wombe: In summe,  
 Gape Earth, swell Seas, fall Heauen, Hell swallow him:  
 But, let me see; what say my hellish Counsellors?  
*Egysus* wooes, and winnes, and weares a Crowne: a Queene  
 Receiues with Ioue (false Ioue) the Victor King; vnarm'd,  
 She cloaths him in her handi-worke, a shirt,  
 Which had no head or armes to issue out;  
 Intangled thus they slew him: let me see,  
 What haue they left? thus *Clismonestra* writes;  
*Per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter*;  
 Fond is the stay of sinne; sinne safest way to sinne;  
*Egysus* leaues this axiome;  
*Nec regna scotum ferre, nec tede sciunt*;  
 None, or alone; Kings can indure no Riuals;  
 I vnderstand you well; and so will worke;  
 Whetting against my Father both his Wife,  
 His Sister and her Husband; some by Feare,  
 Some by Beleefe, and some by Iealousie:  
 Thus rise I on their heads, and with their hands  
 Rip vp their naturall Bowels: Tis decreed,  
 The Plot is laid, Parts must bee playd,  
 No time delaid.

*Exit.*

*Enter*



*Herod and Antipater.*

*Enter Lim the Mason, Handſaw the Carpenter, and Dnr the Labourer.*

*Han.* Tis a good handſome Plot, and full of Art ;  
But how like you my Modell for the Timber-worke ?

*Lim.* Pretty, pretty, if the ſeates be not too ſpacious.

*Dnr.* O, tis much the better, and fitter for the Scribes & Pharifies to ſleepe vpon : but here comes the Lord *Ioseph.*

*Enter Ioseph.*

*Iof.* Well ſaid my maiſters, and how mounteth the braue Temple ? may a man ſtand on the top of it and orelooke the Sunne ?

*Han.* The Sunne is very high Sir ; yet there is neuer an Almanack-maker, but may lie on his backe and behold *Capricorne.*

*Iof.* Tut, any fooliſh Citizen may doe that which hath his wife for his maiſter : but ſtay ; what's hee ?

*Enter Achitophel & Diſeaſe, with a Banner full of ruptures.*

*Ach.* Come away *Diſeaſe*, and hang vp theſe my trophées, Whilt I with gentle ayre, beat vpon the eares of paſſengers.

*Diſ.* At hand Sir, and heere is your Enſigne ; as for your Drugges, there is not one of them but is able to ſend a man to God or the Diuell in an inſtant. *Achitophel ſings.*

*ACH.* Come will you buy, for I haue heere  
The rareſt Gummes that euer were ;  
Gold is but drowſe and Features dye,  
Els *Aſculapins* tels a lie :

*But I,*

*Come will you buy,  
Haue Medicines for that Maladie.*

*Iof.* What's hee ?

*Lim.* O Sir, it is one that vndertakes to know more Simples, then euer grew in Paradife ; tis *Rabbi Achitophel.*

*Iof.* What, the famous Mountebanke ?

*Dnr.* The ſame Sir.

*Achitophel ſings.*

*ACH.* Is there a Lady in this place,  
Would not bee mask's, but for her face ;

*The true Tragedy of*

*O doe not blush, for heere is that  
Will make your pale cheekes plump and fat.*

*Then why*

*Should I thus crye,*

*And none a Scruple of mee buye.*

*Ios. Reuerend Iew; I heare y<sup>e</sup> are fam'd for many rarities;  
As Sculpture, Painting, and the setting forth  
Of many things that are inscrutable;  
Besides you are a learned rare Physitian.*

*Ach. I know as much as ere *Sambashaw* did,  
That was old *Adams* Schoolmaister; for, look you Sir: *Sings.**

*Heere is a rare Mercurian Pill,  
An Anodine helps euery ill;  
The Diffenteria, and the Gout,  
And cures the sniueling in the Snout.*

*The Sicke,*

*Or any Cricke,*

*Straight cures this Diaphoreticke.*

*Ios. I shall haue imployment for you.*

*Ach. The Iew is all your Creature, and his skill  
Hee'l willingly bestow vpon your gooduelfe.*

*Ios. O Sir, you shall not.*

*Dis. Yes Sir, my Maister will willingly giue you his skill;  
Yet, with this *Memorandum*, you must pay for his good will.*

*Ios. I am no niggard, Sir.*

*Dis. Besides, my Lord, there's neuer a Pibble in *Iordan*, but  
my Maister is able to make the Philosophers Stone of it.*

*Dur. O wonderfull! as how I pray you Sir?*

*Dis. Why by extraction, solution, reuerberation, coagu-  
lation, fixation, viuification, mortification, & multa alia.*

*Ach. Peace knaue, I say, these pearls must not feed Porkers.*

*Han. How, doe you make Swine of vs? I tell you we are  
as arrand Iewes as your selfe.*

*Ios. No more, y<sup>e</sup> are all for mine imployment; you for stone,  
You for Painting, you for Timber-worke;  
No man shall want his merit: Goe, away,*

*Apply*

## Herod and Antipater.

Apply your labours, there's a largesse for you.

*All.* O braue Lord *Ioseph.*

*Sings.*

A CH. Come to me Gallants you whose need,  
The common Surgeons cannot reede;  
Heere is a Balme will cure all sores,  
Got in Broyles, or unwholsome whores.

Come away,

For why the day,

Is past, and heere I cannot stay. *Exe.* all but *Ioseph.*

*Enter Alexandra & Marriam, Antipater & Salumish aloft.*

*Q. Alex.* O cease my *Marriam*, teares can doe no good;  
This Murder's past example; to be drown'd,  
Drown'd in a shallow murmure where the stones  
Chid the faint water for not couering them.  
O, 'twas a plot beyond the Diuell sure;  
Man could not haue that mallice. *Mar.* Madam yes,  
And 'twas some great one too that had his fist  
Thrust in the blood of *Aristobulus.*

*Q. Ale.* For which blood Ile haue vengeance, & my tears  
Shall neuer drye till it bee persfied.

*Ios.* Madam, forbear complaining; would this were  
The worst of Mischiefes iourney. *Mar.* Know you worse?

*Ios.* I dare not speake my knowledge, though my heart  
Leapes twixt my lips to vtter Mysteries.

*Antip.* Note you that *Salumish*?

*Sal.* Yes, it hath pincht her on the petticoate.

*Mar.* Sir, as y<sup>e</sup> are noble, whatsoere you know  
Of these mishaps, with freedome vtter it. *Q. Al.* Vtter it;  
For Heau<sup>n</sup>s sake vtter it, noble, worthy Lord.

*Ios.* Madam, I dare not.

*Mar.* As you loue vertue speake it; let my teares  
Winne so much from thy goodnesse; noble Sir,  
Soule of thy Generation, thou honestest 'mongst men:  
O speake it, speake it. *Ant.* Note you this Courtship?

*Sal.* Yes, tis Sorcery.

*Q. Alex.* Good Sweete, vnlocke these counsels.

*The true Tragedy of*

*Mar.* By all the bonds of Chastity and truth,  
It shall proceede no further. *Ios.* You haue laid  
Such strong Commandments on me I must yeeld:  
Harke, your cares.

*Whispers.*

*Antip.* Are they not kissing Madam?

*Sal.* Yes; may poyson flow betweene them.

*Q. Alex.* Antipater; he drowne him!

*Ios.* Nay, be still; you shall heare greater mischief.

*Mar.* Poyson me, if he perishe! O you Gods,  
What Treason lurkes in Greatnesse; this hath made  
Wounds in my heart, through which his loue and name,  
Is fled from me for euer! *Ios.* Tis a fault

Which asks your deepest wisdom: come, let's in;  
Ile tell you stranger Stories. *Q. Alex.* Yet I feare,  
None that can draw more vengeance or despaire. *Exeunt.*

*Antip.* Awaken Madam, they are vanished.

*Sal.* Not from mine outrage, that shall like a storme  
Follow them and confound them; I will make  
The world in blood, teare downe my crueltie.

*Ant.* I cannot blame you, tis strange impudence.

*Sal.* Ile be reueing'd; by all my hopes I will,  
Highly and deeply; shallow foole, no more;  
Still waters drowne, the shallow doe but roare. *Exit Sal.*

*Ant.* Ile not be farre behinde, but helpe to send  
All vnto hell; tis for a Crowne I stand,  
And Crownes are oft the ruines of a Land. *Ex. Ant.*

*Enter Augustus, Decius, Lucullus, and Attendants.*

*Aug.* Thus haue we queld Rebellion; thus (like smoke)  
Vanishes hence the name of *Anthony*:  
Only some Props remaine yet; which Ile rend  
Vp by the roots and scatter: amongst which  
Vngratefull *Herod* is a Principall;  
On whom Ile shower my vengeance. *Enter Mutius.*

*Mut.* Gracious Sir; the King of *Juda*, like a Supplicant,  
Desires access vnto your Maiestie. *Aug.* Who, *Herod*?

*Mut.* Sir, the same. *Aug.* Tis a strange over-daring.

*Luc.* An attempt wisdom would hardly runne to.

*Aug.* Call him in,

## Herod and Antipater.

Hee dares not come to braue vs ; *Rome* hath power  
To shake a stronger building ; and his feares  
Are glasse of his danger : no man looke  
On *Juda*, but with harred. *Enter Herod.*

*Her.* Mighty Sir ; to you, as him of whom I first receiu'd,  
The Crowne of *Juda*, humbly I returne it ;  
And thus arise. Know now (the great'st' mongst men)  
Tis not for Life I plead, but Honesty,  
For Vertue, Valour, Honour, Prowesse, Grace,  
And all good mens acquaintance : I confesse,  
I ayded *Anthony* ; if for that I fall,  
A true friends teares shall bee my Funerall.

*Luc.* Tis a rare Gratulation. *Dec.* I'm affraid  
New feare will alter it. *Mus.* Obserue the Emperour.

*Her.* Tis true (great Sir) your sacred hand was first  
Inuested mee in *Juda* ; gaue mee that  
I can forsake with comfort : keepe it still ;  
Who from a Crowne is rid, is free from cares ;  
I prize the worth, lesse then two fluxine teares.

*Aug.* This is a kinde of brauing. *Her.* Heare me forth ;  
And when y'au'e heard ; this, for extremitie :  
Since first the time I wore the sorrowfull Wreath,  
( For Crownes and Sorrowes are incorporate,  
And hang like linkes, one wreathed in another )  
Since first the Crowne I wore, you knew my grieues ;  
But nere relieu'd me by Person or by Deputy ;  
No, not when *Asia* and the *Affricke* strands  
Ioyn'd both to ouer-throw me : onely, then  
The euer-prais'd (now lost) *Marke Anthony*  
Thrust forth his hand and staid me ; he kept firme  
My foote that then was sliding ; I, for this,  
Sent him not ayde, but rent long purchased.  
O (gracious Sir) view mine oblidgements well,  
And you shall see vertue did gouerne me.  
Why, did his life yet lie within my hands,  
Thus would I straddle ore him as I stand ;  
Mine armes disseuer'd like two Rhodian Props ;  
And ere I bent, my Trunke should be the Base

## The true Tragedy of

For his dread foes to build Ambition on:  
This would I doe; and, if this bee a Crime,  
It is so good an one, I scorne my breath:  
Who liues the longest still must end in death;  
And so must I.

*Aug.* Thou art thine owne Iudge *Herod*: call a Slaue,  
A desperate Slaue; 'mongst all our Prisoners, *Exit Mut.*  
Chuse him that hath least mercy: you shall finde,  
Your Friendship had a false grownd. *Enter Mut. & a Slaue.*

*Her.* *Caesar*, no; Vertue was the foundation, and you may  
Batter, but not orethrow it. *Aug.* Well Ile try  
The vtmost of your fortitude: arme that Slaue;  
And Sirrah, kill that Traytor; tis a worke  
That brings you home your Freedome.

*1. Sla.* Gracious Sir, what is he I must murder?

*Aug.* Tis a King.

*1. Sla.* Ha!

*Dec.* Villaine, why star'st thou? Strike, I say, you Slaue.

*1. Sl.* Slaue, Ile not strike; knowst thou or he, or he, or *Caesar*  
What tis to bee a Murderer; nay, more,  
The Murderer of a King; nay, most of all,  
To murder God himselfe; (for such are Kings:)  
O you dull bloody Romans; see, in's eyes  
Are thousands of arm'd arm'd Angels; and each Ray  
A flame of Lightning ready to deuoure  
The hand thats list gainst sacred Majesty.  
*Caesar*, I'm no Italian; though thy Slaue,  
I will not be thy Diuell; these are bred  
Ith' Shambles, let them Butcher; fetch for this  
Some from the Roman Gallows; for they are  
Hangmen that must performe it; and thou lookst  
Like one: goe, take the Office, Ile not doo it.

*Aug.* The Slaue's affraid to strike him; timerous Coward:  
Call another. *Exit Mutina.*

*1. Sla.* Timerous! *Caesar*, no:

Were I to scale a Tower, or sacke a Towne,  
I'de doo't; although the ruines fell like Quarries on me:  
Timerous! I neare fear'd Mankinde; *Caesar*, know,  
Nor earth nor Hell hath ought that can affright me:

Fue

## Herod and Antipater.

I've buckled with proud *Indians* thine Vncle; and was one  
Thar, by expulsion, beare him from bright *Albion*:  
And yet to kill a King, I'm timorous. *Ent. Mut. & 2. Sla.*

*Aug.* Let that Slaue haue the weapon: Sirrah, kill  
That King, and haue thy freedome: wilt thou doot?

*2. Sla.* Yes, for my liberty,  
As soone as you can speake it: Shall I strike?

*Aug.* Stay, what's thy Country?

*2. Sla.* *Rome, Rome*; I was bred in one of those Colledges  
where Letchery and Murder are Pue-nates: Come, will  
you giue the word? *Her.* Doe not deferre it *Caesar*,

I haue made peace with my Conscience long since.

*Aug.* Why then strike.

Yet Villaine hold; art not amaz'd to doot?

*2. Sla.* Amaz'd, why?

To strike off these my shackles, such a blow

I would giue to my Father. *Aug.* But a worse

Shall fall vpon thy Carcasse: binde that Slaue,

And throw him headlong downe into the Sea;

The earth's too much infected. — *Herod*, thus

Mine armes giues thee thy freedome: take thy Crowne;

Weare it with safety; and but be to mee

Faithfull; Ile loue thee as did *Anthony*.

*Her.* *Caesar* is royall; and, by this, hath bound

A faithfull Seruant to him. *Aug.* For that wretch,

Giue him his liberty; since th'ast seru'd

Vertue, thou shalt serue *Caesar*; henceforth be

Commander ore a Legion: Those that know

Goodnesse; by Goodnesse euer greater grow.

*1. Sla.* *Caesar's* a God in all things. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Finis Actus prima.*

### Act. 2. Scœna 1.

*Enter at one Dove Marriam and Alexandra; at another*

*Kiparim and Salumith, they meete and passe disdainfully.*

*Kip.* Lord how their poyson swels them.

*Sal.* Sure they'l burst, if this strong Chollicke hold them.



*The true Tragedy of*

*Mar.* Mother, withdraw ; the Greeke begins to scold.

*Sal.* And why to scold, proud Madame ?

*Mar.* Nay, I want a tongue for your encounter.

*Kip.* Yet this thing,

Of which thou art deterr'd, ought to know  
Shee owes me some obeyfance ; though she was  
Mother to him that wore the Crowne, I am  
Mother to him that weares it.

*Sal.* Tut, pride loues not to distinguish : goodly Lord,  
not so much as how doe you forsooth ; ( euery foolish Citi-  
zens salutations ) nor haile to the Sister of my Lord the King,  
( euery Court-Coxcombes Congee ; ) nor saue you sweet  
Lady, ( Fooles and Physitians Orizons )

*Mar.* How this shewes.

*Kip.* It shewes that you are insolent.

*Q. Alex.* Insolent ; hugge it sweetly, tis your owne ;  
And euery sinne besides thars damnable :

Come, y<sup>e</sup> are despised Grecians ; so prophane,  
Ignoble and vnholly, that our Tribes  
Are staid in your coniunctions ; poore things, know,  
Your titular King, in whom your glories dwell,  
Is but a royall murderer ; your selues,  
And his proud Bastard, bloody Substitutes :

O, I could paint you brauely ; for my grieues  
Haue all your perfect colours.

*Sal.* Come I could  
Make you runne dog-like backe, and from the ground  
Licke vp the filth you vtterd.

*Mar.* Neuer sure ;  
Sheele leaue it where she found it. *Sal.* Yes, and you  
Leaue vertue where you found it ; harke you Queene,  
You are vnchast, and most incontinent.

*Mar.* Incontinent : with whom ?

*Sal.* His picture lies within you ; plucke it out,  
And let your false heart follow.

*Mar.* It is Truths part to suffer ; so must I.

*Sal.* Vengeance vpon such sufferance.

*Q. Alex.* Come, y<sup>e</sup> are a barbarous Creature.

*Kip.* Base Edomite. *Q. Alex.* Slandorous Grecian.

*Sal.* Old Beldame. *Q. Alex.* Young Cocatrice.

*Kip.*

*Herod and Antipater.*

*Kip.* S'd death, I could reare thine eyes out. *Enter Antip.*

*Q. Alex.* Do but (This) that motion shall destroy thee.

*Sal.* Marry mew.

*Ant.* Hold in the name of Verue; heere's a braule

Able to inflame patience: Beautious Queene,  
Diuineſt *Alexandra*; what can moue  
Theſe ſtorment in this calme weather. *Mar.* Flattering Sir,

You beſt can cloſe vp miſchiefe. *Ant.* If I may,

Ile lay my life a ſubiect to your mercies;

Make me your footſtooles to appeaſe your wrathes;

My blood Ile make your ſacrifice. *Q. Alex.* No more;

I that but now ſhed teares, now laugh: O God!

To ſee ſo braue a Maſter-piece of Villany

By ſuch a Baſtard iſſue bee compacted:

Thou make attonement & Hence Baſtard, hence;

The dregges of Luſt, the foule Diſeaſe of Wine,

That wert begor when ſinne was reuelling:

Thou make attonement? No; goe learne to drowne

The Lords elected people; heere ſtands ſhee

That lookes to taſt thy poiſon. *Ant.* Miracles!

Wreſt not my good thoughts (Madam) for I call

Iuſt Heauen to witneſſe how I lou'd your Sonne;

And would my ſelfe haue dyed to ranſome him;

But your miſpriſion I impute to heere

And Chollericke ſpleene, which now miſgouernes you.

*Kip.* Nay, you ſhould thanke her for abuſing you;

Wee are become her vallaſals. *Ant.* Thinke not ſo.

*Sal.* Yes, and cry vengeance for it; wicked one,

There's wicr whips in making, and I know

Furies will ſoundly laſh you; you, and you;

Both are markt out to periſh; faith you are. *Enter Ioseph.*

*Iof.* How now; what means this outrage? Peace for ſhame;

This talke fits Stewes and Brothels: Come, no more;

Mother, your iudgement ſhould be farre more wiſe;

And Madam, you ſhould be more temperate:

At Princes hands, all iniuries ſhould looke

Not for reuenge but patience.

*Kip.* Thou which art made of Cowardiſe and feare;

Doſt

*The true Tragedy of*

Dost thou confirme their actions? *Sal.* Yes, tis sic;  
Lust still must flatter falshood.

*Ios.* Ha; what's that? why Wife——

*Sal.* Call me not Wife;

The sound of death hath farre more Musique in it:

Wife? O, my fate! Wife vnto such a Letcher?

*Ios.* Why *Salumish*.

*Sal.* He be no *Salumish* of thine, ther'es your Loue;  
She whom you foster in her insolencies;

Shee's your *Salumish*: O crudulous women,

How easily are you guld, with a seducing kisse!

*Ant.* Now it workes.

*Sal.* A faire word makes the Diuell seeme a Saint;

But Ile be reueng'd, and in so strange a course

As neuer woman tooke: D'yece perpetrate my goodnes?

There's your *Salumish*.

*Ant.* Admirable still.

*Kip.* And there's th'old Hen her Mother,

A couple of season'd dishes, fall too, fall too.

*Ant.* Nay Madam, y'are too bitter.

*Ios.* By Heauen & happines, I know not what this meanes;

Yet were the King not sodainly return'd,

And crau'd our swift attendance; I would sit

And try this language strangely,

*Ant.* Is the King return'd?

*Ios.* He is, and safely.

*Kip.* Then my hate, Ile giue thee fire to worke on.

*Sal.* So will I; I'm arm'd with able mischiefe.

*Ant.* And my plots

Shall runne as fast to ayd and second you.

*Ios.* Ladies, shake hands with passion, and let's ioyne  
To meete the King with royall cheerefulnesse.

*Mar.* Sir, not I;

Let them that loue their horror seeke it still:

Goodnesse I waite, with him is all that's ill.

*2. Alex.* You may report our speeches; say, our ioy  
Is, we haue left no more he can destroy.

*Exe. 2. Alex.*

*Ios.* This is a violent passion.

*& Marriam.*

*Ant.* Let it rule;

Repentance needes must follow.

*Enter*

*Enter Herod, P. Alex. T. Aristob. Pheroras, and Attendants.*

*Omnes.* Welcome, O welcome to *Ierusalem*;  
May *Herod* liue for euer fortunate.

*Her.* We thank you: Mother & Sister, rise; let no knee bow  
But to the Gods of *Greece*; by whose support  
Wee stand vnshakt and vnremoord: but (me thinkes)  
In this great vniuersall Rhapsodie  
Of comfort and amazement, I doe misse  
Two faire companions of my happinesse:  
Where is my louely *Marriam*? what withdrawes  
Her Mother *Alexandra*? Sure, my heart  
Lookt for their entertainment. *Ios.* Gracious Sir,  
Thv unfortunate destruction of her Sonne,  
The high Priest *Aristobulus* (late drown'd  
Within the Riuer *Rigill*) so takes vp  
Their hearts with powerfull sorrow, that their minds  
Are borne with nothing but calamity.

*Her.* That guest is soone remoued; goe, my Sonnes,  
Informe your Grandmother and Mother-Queene,  
How much I long to see them. *P. Alex.* Tis a worke  
Worthy our duties. *Her. Ioseph*, goe, attend;  
There's need of your assistance. *Ex. P. Alex. T. Ari. & Ios.*

*Sal.* Yes; and all I feare too weake to draw them:  
Royall Sir, you are abus'd in your credulity;  
It is not griefe but malice, bitter spleene,  
An anger I may call Treason, which keepes backe  
These two from noble duties: Sir, they say  
You doe vsurpe, and are a Murderer,  
And teach all yours to murder; that you are  
No lawfull King of *Israel*; but a *Greece*  
Descended basely; drawne from polluted blood:  
Prophane, vnholly; nay, (indeed) what not  
That Rancor can imagine? Sir, I feare  
Your life is plott'd on; a wrath like theirs,  
So lowd, so publique, nay so impudent;  
Is not without assistance. *Ant.* Brauely vrg'.

*Her.* Good Sister, thinke not so; a losse like theirs  
Will make dumbe patience mureny; beleeu'r,

It moues much in my owne brest ; as for plots,  
Alas, what can they dreame of? *Sal.* Desperate things.  
Things which may shake your foot-hold ; for, I feare  
The Queene is turnd an *Assis*, and will spread  
Her fatall poyson ore you ; if you doate,  
The Lethargie will kill you: Sir, tis said,  
Nay, t'will be prou'd she is incontinent.

*Her.* Incontinent ! with whom ?

*Sal.* With him I blush to mention ; *Ioseph* Sir,  
*Ioseph* my Husband wrongs you. *Her.* Peace for shame ;  
Your Iealousie doth foole you. *Kip.* Well, take heede  
Affection doe not blinde you : tis a staine,  
Almost the whole world finds out ; and a truth,  
Not hidden, but apparant ; pray you Sir,  
Speake you what is reported. *Ant.* Tis not fit,  
Nor dare I credit Rumor, chiefly when  
It speakes of such great persons ; yet tis true,  
Many vilde things are vttered ; nay indeed  
Some prou'd I wish were hidden: but alas,  
Who knowes not Slander's euer impudent ?

*Sal.* Doe not giue truth that title ; for you know,  
It will be prou'd by many witnesses.

*Her.* That iealous Sister, and than such a fiend,  
There is no worse companion: come, no more ;  
Should all the Prophets, Patriarchs, and Priests  
Lodg'd in the holy Bookes of *Israell*  
Come forth and tell this message, I would stand  
Boldly and interpose them ; for I know,  
There is no truth to guard them ; no nor faith.  
O my Diuinest *Marriam*, how art thou  
And thy great sweetnesse inur'd ? Th'vnblowne Rose,  
The mines of Chrystall, nor the Diamond,  
Are halfe so chaste, so pure and innocent.  
O poore forsaken Vertue, how art thou  
Tornne downe by thy despisers, and consum'd  
By th' enuious flame of the malicious ?  
But I am come to guard thee, and restore  
Thy goodnesse backe with interest ; for I vow

To

To heare naught but thy praises: heere shee comes;

*Enter P. Alex. T. Arist. Ioseph, Marriam, & Alexandra.*  
 Welcome my dearest, sweetest, happiest,  
 All that my longings looke for; thus, and thus;  
 Like a rich Chaine, my loue shall hang about thee;  
 And make the whole world doe thee reuerence;  
 Nay weepe not Mother; come, I know your care,  
 And beare an equall burthen: heere, O heere  
 Is the true Tombe of *Aristobulus*.

*Q. Alex.* You can dissemble royally; but that  
 Cannot cure mine Impostume. *Her.* Say not so;  
 You must forget the worke of accident.

*Q. Alex.* Of accident? of plotted Massacre;  
 Murder beyond example: but there's left  
 A Hell to reckon with. *Her.* Good sweet, no more;  
 Let not your Iudgement wrong you to suspect  
 Mine Innocence vniustly; for, I vow,  
 Neuer came death so neare me; or did force  
 My teares in such aboundance; but you know,  
 Earth must not question Heauen: Yet to shew  
 My faire affection to your Princely Sonne;  
 Within an Vrne of Gold, Ile lodge his bones;  
 And to his Funerall Rites, adde such a Pompe,  
 As shall amaze Inuention; and besides,  
 There's not an eye in all *Ierusalem*,  
 But shall drop sorrow for him. *Q. Alex.* Funerals are  
 But wretched satisfactions. *Kip.* Note this pride.

*Sal.* Yes, and her Daughters fullennesse.

*Her.* Why looks my louely *Marriam* downward, & dejects  
 The glory of her bright eye? I had thought  
 My safe returne (which strikes a generall ioy  
 Through *Iuda* and *Ierusalem*, and makes  
 Mount *Sion* so triumphant) had not had  
 The power to kill her comforts: Lonely one;  
 How haue I lost thy friendship; or, what Fiend  
 Sends this Diuorce betwixt vs?

*Mar.* Your owne Diffimulation. Cruell Sir;  
 Youe dealt vniustly with me, and prophan'd

*Her.* A Temple held you sacred. *Her.* What, your selfe?  
O doe not speake it; for to that blest Shrine  
I haue beene so religious, that the world  
Hath oft condemn'd me of Idolatry:  
And can you then accuse me? *Mar.* Yes, and call  
Your owne heart to be witnesse. *Her.* Let me then  
Be stricke with fearefull Thunder. *Mar.* Sir, take heed;  
Vengeance is quicke in falling. *Her.* Let it come:  
You call a Loue in question, that's as iust  
As Equiry or Goodnesse; by that power——

*Mar.* Come, you will now be periur'd; but Ile stay  
That imputation from you: What became  
Of your affection, when you bound that man;  
If you miscarried in your worke at Rome,  
That he should see me poyson'd? Start you now?  
O, twas a venom'd Complot. *Her.* Sir, a word:  
Yare a faithlesse young man; and haue lost  
The great hope I had in you. *Ant.* By my life,  
Hope, and all fruitfull wishes; I'm of this  
As Innocent as Silence: if my lips  
Ere open'd to relate it; let me feele  
Some sodaine fatall iudgement: Gracious Sir,  
Search out this secret further, 'twill be found  
There is more Treason breeding. *Her.* I'm resolu'd.  
Madam, you haue accus'd me; and I stand  
So strongly on mine owne truth, that you must  
Discouer your Informers: By that loue  
Once you did faine to beare me; by that faith  
Which should linke married couples; by the awe,  
Duty and truth of Women; or if these  
Be cancell'd with you fury; yet by that  
Great power your King hath ore you, and to shun  
The scourge of Torments, which I solemnly  
Will try to the extreamest; heere I bind,  
Nay, doe command you, that vnfaignedly  
You tell me who inform'd you. *Mar.* You haue laid  
So great Commandments on me, that I dare  
In no wise disobey you, Sir, it was

Dord



Lord *Ioseph* that inform'd me. *Her.* Ha; *Ioseph*!  
O my abus'd confidence! *Ant.* Now it workes.

*Kip.* The fire begins to kindle. *Sal.* But Ile bring  
Fuell that shall inflame it.

*Her.* *Ioseph*? was't *Ioseph*? then tis time to seele  
My cold dull vnbelieuing. *Ios.* O pardon me;  
It was my loue, not malice. *Her.* No, your lust,  
And you shall buy it dearely: Call a Guard. *Enter Animis,*  
Haue I for this so often lost my selfe *and a Guard.*

Within the Labyrinth of her wanton eyes;  
And am I now repaid with Treachery:  
Ceaze on those wretched Creatures; *Salumish,*  
Stand forth, and what thy knowledge can approue  
Against those Traytors, speake it; now mine eare  
Lies open to my safety. *Ant.* Brauely speake,

You shall haue strong supporters; now his eare  
Is open, see you fill it. *Sal.* Doubt me not.  
Great Sir, with confidence as full of Truth,  
As they are full of Treason; I auerre,  
These, in your absence, haue abus'd your bed,  
With most incestuous foule Adultery.

*Mar.* All that's like goodnesse shield me.

*Ios.* Woman, looke vp;  
The vault of Heauen is Marble; this vntruth  
Will make it fall to kill thee. *Sal.* Let it come;  
If I speake ought vniustly; all my words,  
My blood and oath shall scale to.

*Enter Antipater, Pherous, and Achitophel.*

*Antip.* Good, let my loue perswade thee; doe not baze  
Such foule things in his eares; his Maiestie  
Is too much mou'd already. *Phe.* Good my Lord,  
Let me discharge my duty. *Ant.* Nay, for that,  
I dare not to withstand; yet, questionlesse,  
The Queene is not so wicked. —Goe, put home;  
Yaue all things to assist you: —Sirrah Iew,  
Forget not thy preferment. *Ach.* Feare me not.

*Her.* How now, what tumult's that?

*Phe.* O my dread Lord,

Grant me your gracious pardon; I must tell  
A sad and heavy Story; yet most true:  
And yet 'gainst such a person, as I feare  
Your care will not receiue it. *Her.* Speake; 'gainst whom?

*Phe.* Against the Queene.

*Mar.* O sacred Truth, but thee,  
I haue nor sword, nor armour. *Her.* Vtter it.

*Phe.* Since your departure, to my hands she brought  
This fatall Violl; saying, *Pheoas*,  
Thou art the Kings Cup-bearer; by my loue  
I charge thee, when his Maiesty shall call  
For wine, giue him this Potion; tis a draught  
Shall crowne thee with great fortunes: I desir'd  
To know the nature; shee, with solemne oathes,  
Swore it was nothing but a wholsome drinke,  
Compounded with such Art; that, tasting it,  
You would doate of her beauty, and become  
A very Slaue to her perfections:  
I promis'd to performe it; yet my feare  
Arguing with my Iudgement, made me try  
The vertue on a Spaniel; and I found  
It was an odious poyson. *Omnes.* Wonderfull!

*Phe.* After this triall, I demanded then,  
From whom her Highnesse had it: she affirm'd,  
From the Lord *Iosaph*; but by stricter search,  
I found this Jew was he compounded it.

*Ach.* I doe confesse the Queene of Israel  
Commanded me to try my vtmost skill  
In this most strong Confection; said it was  
To proue the force of Simples: I, her Slaue,  
Durst not to disobay her; yet suspect  
Made me reueale it to this Noble-man.

*Her.* How answer you this Treason? *Mar.* Silently.

*Her.* Thats a confession. *Mar.* Why, as good be dumbe,  
As speake to eares are glewd vp; or a faith  
Thats arm'd against beleeuing: but (great Sir)  
If either of these open; then, belecu't,  
Was neuer wrong'd a greater innocence.

*Ios.* Malice hath wrought vpon vs, and oretane  
Our guiltlesse liues with vengeance: Hell it selfe  
Is not more false then these are; yet, I know,  
Nothing can saue vs but a Miracle.

*Her.* The guilty euer plead thus; cursed chance,  
To haue my Ioyes deuoure me: but, tis done;  
Princes, your eares and Counsels. *Herod whispers with Ant.*

*Q. Alex.* Ha! is't so, *the Princes and Pheras.*  
Hath Mischiefe got the Conquest; then tis time  
To change my disposition, and deceiue  
Those which would else deceiue me; in this kinde,  
It skils not whom we iniure, whom we blinde.

*P. Alex.* Sir, of my life all this is counterfait,  
And this great Diuell inchants you; for thesē slaues,  
They speake but what is taught them.

*T. Arist.* On my life,  
Our royall Mother's guiltlesse; doe not let  
Their hatefull malice step betweene her life,  
And your most gracious fauour. *Her.* Princely youths,  
Nature and loue deceiues you: wretched things,  
What can you say to stay destruction?

*Mar.* That w'are the Kings, and none are innocent,  
Vnlesse he please to thinke so. *Q. Alex.* Impudent!  
Is that all thou canst vtter? Haue I liu'd  
To see thee grow thus odious, to forsake  
The chaste imbracements of a royall bed,  
For an incestuous Letcher; to become  
The Peoples scorn, the honest Matrons curse,  
The Tribes disgrace, and *Israels* obloquy;  
Nay more, the whole worlds wonder, and a stainē  
Nere to be washt off from *Ierusalem*?

O mine afflicted honor! *Kip.* Heere's a change.

*Sal.* A Tempest neuer lookt for.

*Q. Alex.* Packe for shame,  
Runne to thine owne destruction: What, a Whore?  
A poysoning Whore? a bandy Murderesse?  
Nay, more; a treacherous Strumpet? O that Heauen  
Had made mine anger Lightning, that it might

Destroy

Destroy thee in a moment. *Mar.* Madam, stay;  
Can your true goodnesse thinke me culpable?

*Q. Alex.* Is it not prou'd apparant?

*Mar.* Then be dumbe,

Be dumbe for euer *Marriam*; if you thinke  
I can be guilty, who is innocent?  
Madam, you are my Mother; O call vp  
Your worst imaginations, all the scapes  
Both of mine Infance, Childhood or ripe yeares;  
And if the smallest shadow in them all  
Betoken such an error, cur'se me still,  
Let me finde death with horror; otherwise,  
Silence and patience helpe me. Sir, tis fit  
You plead your owne cause; I am conquered.

*Ios.* There's but one true Iudge ouer *Israel*,  
And hee knowes I am guiltlesse. *Her.* Tis the Plea  
Of euery guilty person: *Animis*,  
Conuay those wicked creatures, with your Guard,  
Vnto the market-place, and there in sight  
Of all the people, cause the Hangman take  
Their curst head from their bodies.

*P. Alex.* Stay, great Sir,  
Doe not an act t'amaze all *Israel*;  
O looke with mercies eyes vpon the Queene;  
The Innocent Queene our Mother; let not Slaues  
Blast her with false reproches; be a God  
And finde out Truth by Miracle. *Her.* No more.

*T. Arist.* No more? yes sure, if euery word I speake  
Should naile me to destruction: Mighty Sir,  
Fauour your owne repentance, doe not spill  
The innocent blood vniustly; for th'account  
Is heauy as damnation: to your selfe,  
And to your owne, become a *Daniel*.

*Her.* Ile heare no more.

*P. Alex.* O sacred Sir, you must;  
Vpon my knees I begge compassion;  
Compassion for my Mother. *T. Arist.* To this ground  
Weele grow eternally; till you vouchsafe

To grant her mercy; or to giue her Cause  
A larger course of tryall. *Her.* Once againe;  
I charge you to forget her. *P. Alex.* How, forget  
The chaste wombe which did beare vs; or the paps  
Which gaue vs sucke? Can there in Nature be  
A Lethargie so frozen? *T. Arist.* Nay, what's more;  
Can we forget her holy Stocke, deriu'd  
From all the blessed Patriarchs, in whom  
You and our selues are glorious? O, dread Sir,  
Haue mercy on her goodnesse. *P. Alex.* Mercy, Sir.

*Her.* How am I vext with importunity;  
Away to Execution: if againe  
I doe command tis fatall. *T. Arist.* And if we  
Indure it, let vs perish; brother draw, *The Princes draw.*  
And let our good swords guard her: Sir, y'au'e broke  
A linke in Natures best chaine; and her death,  
Conuert vs to your mortall enemies.

*Her.* What, am I braud by Traitors? Villaines, force  
Way to the Execution, or you perish. (you.)

*P. Alex.* Mother, hold life but one houre and wee'l rescue  
*The Princes force through the guard; Antipater drawes & stands*  
*before Herod; all the rest conuey away the Prisoners;*  
*Alexandra wringing her hands.*

Did euer Kings owne bowels thus become  
The Typhon of sedition; or, can't be,  
I could beget these Serpents? Itt be so  
Vnder the *Aetna* of their damned pride,  
Ile smother and consume them. *Ant.* Sir, I know  
Your wisdom such, as can discern what tis  
At once to feare, to suffer, and to dye,  
By th'hand of steine ambition; which, it's end,  
Makes still her habitation like the place  
Where poyson growes, so naked and so bare  
That dust disdaines t'abide there. *Her.* Passing true;  
But Ile root out that vengeance: yet againe,  
When I awake my memory, to looke  
Vpon her sweetnesse, goodnesse, and conceiue,  
That no affaire, no wisdom, or fond zeale,

Which oft attainteth others, could touch her ;  
O then, me thinkes, I might at least haue breath'd,  
Before I had condemn'd her ; Iustice should  
Ith darke of these confusions, borne a Torch  
Before Truth and mine anger : but alas,  
Folly and Rashnesse led me ; and I'ue lost  
All my delight at one throw. *Antipater,*  
Goe, turne, flye ; O, stay the Execution.

*Ant.* Willingly. Yet please you first to thinke  
Whether the act hurt not your Maiesie ;  
Kings, in these waighly causes, must not play  
At fast and loose ; their wordes are Oracles ;  
And iudgement should pursue them.

*Her.* Good, no more ; goe stay the Execution.

*Ant.* Not on earth is there a man more willing ;  
Yet, when Kings condemne themselues of rashnesse,  
Who can blame contempt to follow after ?

*Her.* Lord to see how time is lost with talking.

*Antip.* I am gone.

*Offer to goe and returne.*

Yet Sir, beleue't ; the Maiesie which strikes  
Against contempt shall nere recouer it.

*Her.* Yet againe.

*Ant.* Sir, I can vanish quickly ; yet, behold,  
Heere's one can saue my labour.

*Enter Phereas.*

*Her.* Speake my Lord ; where is my Queene ?  
O, where's my *Marriam* ? *Phe.* Sir, she is dead.

*Her.* Dead ? Be the world dead with her ; for on earth  
There's no life but her glory : yet declare  
How dyed the wofull Lady ? *Phe.* Like a Saint.  
Like did I say ? O Sir, so farre beyond,  
That neuer Saint came neere her president :  
She did not goe, as one that had beene led  
To take a violent parting ; but as Fate  
Had in her owne hands thrust her Destiny,  
Saying, or liue or dye : whilst she, that knew  
The one and th'others goodnesse, did agree  
Onely to dye as th'act most excellent.  
Her Mothers bitter railings, all the cries

Of the amazed People, mou'd not her ;  
No not one poore small twinkle of her eye :  
But, with a constancie, that would outface  
The brazen front of terror ; she ascends  
Vp to the fatall Scaffold ; and but once  
Lookt round about the people : then lifts vp  
Her snow-white hands to Heauen ;  
Talkes to it as if she had beene in it : then fells downe  
Vpon her humble knees ; which, as they bent,  
You might behold humility retire  
Downe to her heart ; and left within her eyes  
Nothing but sweetnesse flaming : whilst vpon  
And round about her, Maiestie did hang,  
And cloath her as a garment : to be briebe,  
Shee tooke the stroke, not as a punishment ;  
But a reward ; so Saint-like hence she went.

*Her.* Enough, too much ; th'ast slaine me *Pharoas* ;  
O, I haue lost in her death more true ioyes,  
Then Heauen can giue or, earth is worthy of :  
I am a Traitor to my selfe and loue ;  
To Nature, Vertue, Beaurie, Excellence ;  
I haue destroy'd the whole world ; for but her,  
It had no Soule, nor mouing ; no delight,  
No triumph, glory, or continuance :  
I cannot liue to lose her ; call her backe,  
Or I shall dye complaining. *Ant.* This is strange  
Can the dead be awaken'd ? *Her.* Easily Sir,  
My sighes shall breath life in her ; and my voyce  
Rouze her, as doth a Trumpet ; nay, more lou'd  
Then either winde or Thunder : canst thou thinke  
That I can liue without her ; she, to whom  
The whole world was a Theater, where men  
Sate viewing her good actions ; she, that had  
As much right vnto Paradise, as Kings  
Haue to their Courts and Kingdomes ; shee that lent  
Mintage to others beauties ; for, none are  
Or good, or faire, but such as lookt like her :  
Shee, in whose body sweetly was contain'd



The Easterne Spicery, the Westerne treasure,  
And all the world holds happy: may it be  
That I can liue and want her? or, could I  
With one sad breath destroy her? she, that had  
(In her owne thoughts) read all that ere was writ,  
To better, or instruct vs: Shee, that knew  
Heauen so well on Earth; that, being there,  
Shee finds no more then she did thinke on heere;  
And haue I kild her? She, whose very dreames  
Were more deuout then our Petitions;  
Haue I prophand that Temple? Fall, O fall  
Downe to the ground and perishe; nere looke vp,  
But when or Blastings, Mildewes, Lightenings,  
Or poysonous Serenes strike thee. *Herod*, heere,  
O heere, digge vpon thy graue with sorrow.

*Asi.* Fie, tis vnfit Greatnesse should yeeld to passion.

*Her.* Yare a foole;

He that not mournes for her, will neuer mourne;  
But is worse then the Diuell. *Marriam*,  
O *Marriam*; thou that through the Spheares  
(As through so many golden Beads) hast runne,  
In one poore moment, to felicity;  
Looke downe vpon thy Vassall, me thy Slave,  
And see how much I languish: let thine eye  
Guild my complaints, and cheere my misery.

*Phe.* O to yall Sir, take better comfort;

There was nere on Earth a Creature worth your sorrow.

*Her.* Sir, you lie; deadly and falsly; for she doth deserue  
The teares of men and Angels: Shee, O shee,  
Of whom the Ancients prophesied, when first  
They made all Vertues Females; She, that was  
The first and best faire Copie, from whose lines  
The world might draw perfection: She, not worth  
The teares of all thats liuing? Dulnesse, goe;  
Packe from my sight for ever: O, 'twas thou,  
Thou that didst make me kill her: hence, auant;  
By all that's good or holy; if, from hence  
Thou ere presume to see me, or come neere

The

The place of my abiding; 'tis thy death,  
As certaine as Fate spoke it.

*Phr.* O my Lord.

*Her.* Away; reply, and I will kill thee.

*Ant.* Do not offend him further; vanish Sir. *Exit Phereas.*

*Enter Ananias.*

*Ani.* To Armes my Lord, to Armes: your Princely Sonnes,  
Attended by the people, stand betweene  
The Towne of *Beithlem* and *Ierusalem*;  
Their Ensignes spread, their Bowes bent, and their Swords  
Wauiug like wings of Eagles: Sir, they vow  
Reuenge for their Mothers death.

*Her.* On whom?

On you, the Citty; but especially,  
Vpon the Prince *Antipater*. *Her.* No more,  
Th'are angry surges, which with one poore blast,  
Ile make tall to the Center; troubled thoughts,  
Rest till this storme be ouer: happy man,  
Ile make thee tread vpon them; this day shall  
Be thy Coronation; but their Funerall. *Exc. all but Ant.*

*Ant.* T'was a braue Lesson that *Egyptus* taught,  
And *Clitemnestra* writ religiously:  
*Sinne* (safest way to sinne; *None* or alone; both excellent.  
Yet *Herod* liues vnwrong'd and vnremou'd.  
The Sonnes of *Oedipus*, in life, nor after death,  
Agreed but once; which was, t'imprison *Oedipus*;  
An act of no small wonder: O, but Boyes,  
Ile mount a world aboue you; t'imprison, is  
Still to haue danger neere me: tut, tis death,  
Death that my ayines doe shoote at: Ile inuent  
Whar none shall alter: fie, tis nothing worth,  
By Worth, by Birth, by Choyce, by Chance to bee a King;  
But so to climbe I choosie, as all may feare and wonder;  
Feare to attempt the like, and wonder how I wrought it;  
Curst be he (in this case) that craues his Fathers blessing;  
My Throane must be my Fathers Monument;  
My Raigne built on his ruine: but how? how? witleffe, how?  
Aske how, and seeke a Crowne? By Poyson, no, by Sword;

Sword; no, by Subtilty: O Hell awake, awake;  
And once for all instruct me.

*Dumbe Shew.*

*Musique: and, Enter Miscipsa, Iugurth, Adherball, Hiempsall, Miscipsa makes them ioyne hands, and giues each a Crowne, and departs: then in mourning the tribunall, Hiempsall and Adherball sit close to keepe out Iugurth, he diuides them by force, Hiempsall offers to draw, and Iugurth stabs him; Adherball flies and comes in againe with the Roman Senators, they seeme to reconcile them, and being departed, Iugurth stabs Adherball, and leaues at Antipaters foete a Scrowle.*

O resolute *Iugurth*; what afford'st thou me?  
*Non mordent mortui*; Dead men doe not bite:  
True, noble Bastard: *Iugurth*, in thy light  
Thy Brothers dwelt; O *Iugurth*, so doe mine:  
Thou kild'st them *Iugurth*; *Iugurth*, so must I.  
Thus sing we seuerall Descant on one plain-song, *Kill*:  
Foure parts in one, the Meane excluded quite:  
The Base sings deepely, *Kill*; the Counter-tenor, *Kill*;  
The Tenor, *Kill, Kill*; the Treble, *Kill, Kill, Kill*:  
In Diapason *Kill* is the Vnison, itauen times redoubled;  
And so oft must I kill: as, first the King,  
(His Wife is past) two Sonnes, two Brethren, and a Sister;  
And thinke not but I can: can; nay, but I will:  
I am no puny in these Documents:  
The Tyger, tasting blood; finds it so sweet to leaue it:  
The Hauke, once made to prey, takes all delight in preying;  
The Virgin, once deflour'd, thinks pleasure to grow comon;  
And can I then stop in a middle way?  
Gleze fountains, riuers dry; pluck vp the roots bowes perish;  
Banish the Sunne, the Moone and Starres: doe vanish:  
And, were it to obscure the world, and spoyle  
Both Man and Beast, Nature, and euery thing;  
Yet would I doo't; and why? I must, and will be King.  
Kingly *Antipater*. *Exit.*

## *Herod and Antipater.*

*Iosephus* Neuer grew Pride more high, more desperate ;  
Nor euer could the Arrogance of man  
Finde out a Breast more large and spacious :  
But Fate and he must wrestle. Let mee now  
Intreat your worthy Patience, to containe  
Much in Imagination ; and, what Words  
Cannot haue time to vtter ; let your Eyes  
Out of this dumbe Shew, tell your Memories,

*Dumbe Shew.*

*Enter at one dore, with Drums and Colours, P. Alexander, and  
T. Aristobulus, with their Army ; at another, Herod and An-  
tipater, with their Army : as they are ready to encounter, Enter  
Augustus with his Romans betwene them ; they all cast downe  
their weapons at his feet and kneels ; he raises Herod and sets him  
in his Chayre, makes Alexander and Aristobulus kisse his feet ;  
which done, they offer to assaile Antipater, Herod steps between,  
Augustus reconciles them ; then whispering with Herod, Au-  
gustus takes three Garlands and crownes the three Sonnes, He-  
rod placing Antipater in the midst, and so all depart, Antipater  
vsing ambitious countenances.*

*Iosephus* The Sonnes of *Marriam*, hauing met the King,  
Are ready for Encounter ; but are staid  
By th'awe of great *Augustus*, at whose feet  
They cast their Liues and Weapons : hee, with frownes  
Chides the two angry Princes ; yet commands  
The Father to forgiue them ; peace is made :  
Onely against *Antipater* they bend  
The fury of their courage ; which the King  
Withstands and reconciles them : all made sound ;  
*Augustus* giues them Garlands, and installs  
Them equall Captaines ouer *Palestine* :  
But yet *Antipater*, by *Herods* meanes,  
Gets the precedence and Priority :  
How in that throng he iustles ; tis your Eyes,  
And not my Tongue must censure : this we hope  
Our Scale is still ascending ; and you'll finde  
Better, and better ; and the Best behinde. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus secunde.*

ACT. 3.

Act. 3. Scena. 1.

*Enter Salammish, and Lyme the Mason.*

*Sal.* You must take my directions.

*Lym.* Any thing your Ladiship will haue me;

*Sal.* Thou shalt informe his Maiesty; his Sons hired thee, when his Highnes should approach to view the buildings, by seeming chance to throw some stone vpon him, which might crush him to pieces. Do this and thou shalt gaine by't.

*Lym.* A halter, or some worse thing; for (Madam) the least stone that is imployd about the Temple, is 20. Cubits broad, and 8. thicke, and thats able to break a mans necke without a halter.

*Sal.* No matter.

*Lym.* Nay, and it be no matter for breaking a neck (though it be an ill loynt to set) Ile vent a swearing for't.

*Sal.* Doe, and liue rich and happy; hold, there's gold.

*Lym.* Nay, if I can get my liuing by swearing and forswearing; Ile neuer vsē other occupation.

*Enter Handfaw.*

*Han.* Neighbour *Lym*; newes, newes, newes.

*Lym.* What newes, Neighbour *Handfaw*?

*Han.* Marry Sir, Charity has got a new coate; for I saw a Beadle iust now whipping on Statute-lace.

*Sal.* And what's become of Liberality?

*Han.* Cry you mercy Lady, saich she went like a Baud at a Carts taile, roaring vp and downe; but her purse was empty.

*Sal.* Th'art decei'd; her hand is euer open,  
And to desert sheers free; behold else.

*Han.* This is more of Liberality, (as you call it) then I haue found, since I began first to build the Temple.

*Lym.* Or I either.

*Sal.* You shall haue more,  
Ile poure it on in showers; performe but my commandments.

*Han.* Madam, by my Handfaw & Compasse, I will do any thing; say, speake, sweare, and forswear any thing your Ladiship can inuent or purchase.

*Sal.* Hark your cares.

*Whisper.*

*Han.* Hum, ha; pretty, pretty; Ile play my part to a tittle; Neighbour, looke to yours: nay, and Ile doe it presently; for the King is now comming to the Temple, and I came to call you Neighbour; wee'l doe it there.

*Lym.*

*Lym.* What else; a man may bee forsworne in any place,  
Citty, Court or Country, has no difference.

*Sal.* About it then; be constant wary and y'are fortunate.

*Lym.* Feare vs not, if you want any more to be forsworne,  
giue me your money, Ile presse a dozen Tradesmen shall doe  
it as well as any Scribe in all *Ierusalem*.

*Han.* I or Publican either. *Sal.* Away then. *Exe. Lym.*  
Thus catch we hearts with gold; thus Spiders can & *Han.*  
Poyson poore Flyes, and kill the innocent man.

*Enter Antipater with a Letter, and Animis.*

*Ani.* Be swift as Lightning; for the cause requires it:  
Such paper-plots are inuisible Goblins;  
Pinching them most, which doe least iniury.  
Y'are arm'd with full instructions. *Ani.* Sir, I am.

*Ant.* Your Letters are *Chrysanders*, and not mine.

*Ani.* I know it well.

*Ant.* Away then, outflye Eagles; yet Sir, harke;  
Carry your Countenance wisely, seeme to be  
A Saint in thy deliuery. *Ani.* Sir, your care  
Makes you too curious, feare me not. *Exit Animis.*

*Ant.* Within there. *Enter Hillus.*

*Hil.* Did your Excellence call?

*Ant.* I did; what, is your Lesson got?

*Hil.* My Lord, vnto a syllable; my tongue  
Hath poyson for your purpose, and I am  
Confirm'd in euery circumstance.

*Ant.* The time, (at night;) the place, (the Bed-chamber;)   
The manner, (arm'd;) the instruments, (their Swords.)

*Hil.* Tut, this is needlesse; Sir, my Quality  
Needs not a twice instruction.

*Ant.* Nobly said; hold, there's gold.

*Hil.* This is a good perswader; right or wrong,  
Treasure will make the dumbe man vse his tongue.

*Ant.* True; tis the sicke mans Balme, the Vlure's Pledge,  
And indeed all mens Maisters; goe away, *Exit Hillus.*  
The time's ripe for thy purpose; thus these Slaues  
Runne post to Hell for shadowes; ha, *Salumish*:  
O my best Aunt and Mistris; y'are well met:

Neuer were times so tickle; nor, I thinke,  
Stood innocence in more danger: would my life  
Were lost, to thrust feares from you.

*Sal.* VVhy, Princely Nephew, I'ue no cause to feare.

*Ant.* Tis well you are so arm'd; indeed, a life  
So good as yours, free, and religious,  
Thinks not on feare, or ill mens actions:  
Yet Madam, still your state is slippery;  
Belieue it while these Princes doe suruiue,  
And dreame how you accus'd the Mother-Queene,  
They still will practise 'gainst you. *Sal.* Yes, and you;  
The High-Priests death, and *Mauriams* Tragedy,  
VVill be objected 'gainst you. *Ant.* Tis confest;  
VVare both marks of their vengeance. *Sal.* Yet so farre  
Beyond them, Ile not feare them; heere's my hand,  
I'ue markt them for destruction: since our fates  
Haue equall danger; tis no reason but  
They doe inioy like triumph; once againe,  
Belieue it, they are sinking. *Ant.* Nobly said,  
Mirror of Women, Angell, Goddesse, Saint.

*Enter Tryphon the Barber, with a Case of Instruments.*

*Sal.* Peace, no more; heere comes mine Instrument.

*Ant.* What, this; the Kings Barber, your doting Amorite?

*Sal.* The same, obserue him.

*Try.* O blessed Combe; thou spotlesse Iuory,  
With which my Mistris *Salumish* once daind  
To combe the curious felters of her hayre,  
And lay each threed in comely equipage;  
Sleepe heere in peace for euer; let no hand  
(But mine henceforth) be euer so adacious,  
Or daring as to touch thee.

*Ant.* Pittifull foole, goe sleepe, or thoult runne mad els.

*Try.* Sizars, sweet Sizars; sharpe, but gentle ones;  
That once did cut the Locks of *Salumish*;  
Making them in humility hang downe  
On either side her checkes, as twere to guard  
The Roses, that there flourish; O, goe rest,  
Rest in this peacefull Case; and let no hand



Of mortall race prophane you. *Ant.* Sfoote, the Slaue  
Will begger himfelfe with buying new Instruments.

*Sal.* Otis a piece of strange Idolatry.

*Try.* Tooth-pick, deare Tooth-pick; Eare-pick, both of you  
Haue beene her sweet Companions; with the one  
Iue feene her picke her white Teeth; with the other  
Wriggle so finely worne-like in her Eare;  
That I haue wisht, with enuy, (pardon me)  
I had beene made of your condition:  
But tis too great a blessing.

*Ant.* What, to be made a Tooth-picke?

*Sal.* Nay, youle spoyle all, if you interrupt him.

*Try.* *Salumish*, O *Salumish*;

When first I saw thy golden Lockes to shine,  
I brake my glasse; needing no Face, but thine:  
When at those corall Lips, I was a gazer;  
Greedy of one sweet touch, I broke my Razor:  
When to thy Cheekes, thou didst my poore Eyes call;  
Away flew Sizers, Bason, Balls and all:  
Only the Crisping-Irons I kept most deare;  
To doe thee seruice heere and euery where.

*Sal.* Not euery where good *Triphon*, some place still  
Must be reseru'd for other purposes.

*Try.* Bright Go-o-o-deise. *Sal.* Well proceede;  
Whar, at a stand? has true loue got the power,  
To strike dumbe such a nimble wit?

*Ant.* Cry hem, pluck vp thy heart man? whar, a polling  
shauing Squire, and strucke dead with a woman?

*Sal.* Nothing so, he does but mocke, he loues not *Salumish*.

*Try.* Not loue you Lady? O strange blasphemy!

*Ant.* Faith, what wouldst thou do now but for a kisse of her

*Try.* What would I do? what not? O any thing. (hand.  
Ile number all those Hayres my Sizers cut,  
And dedicate those Numbers to her Shrine;  
A Breath more loathsome then the Stench of Nile,  
Ile rectifie, and, for her sake, make pleasant;  
A Face more black then any *Ethiops*,  
Ile scoure as white as Siluer; to attaine

But one touch of her finger, I'de beget  
Things beyond wonder; stab, poyson, kill,  
Breake mine owne necke, my friends, or any mans.

*Sal.* Spoke like a daring seruant; harken thine care;  
Doe this and haue thy wishes. *They whisper.*

*Try.* What, but this?

*Ant.* No more beleue it: why, tis nothing man;  
Only, it asks some serioufnes and Art,  
By which to moue the King, and gaine beleefe.

*Try.* But shall I haue a kisse from that white hand,  
Which gripes my heart within it?

*Sal.* Sir, you shall; tis there, pay your deuotion.

*Try.* Then by this kisse Ile do it; honey kisse *Kisses her hand.*  
There's resolution in thee, and I'm fixt  
To doe it swiftly, quickly; from my lip  
Thy sweet taste shall not part, till I haue spoke  
All that your wishes looke for: boast of this;  
Y'au'e bought two Princes liues with one poore kisse. *Exit.*

*Ant.* Spoke like a noble Seruant. *Sal.* Nephew, true;  
Let him and's follies wrestle; from their birth  
We will bring out our safeties; Villaines, we know  
Are sometimes Stilts, on which great men must goe.  
*Enter Herod with his sword drawne, in his other hand a Letter,*  
*draining before him P. Alexander, and T. Aristobulus, Animis,*

*Hillus, Lime and Hand saw following Herod; Antip.*  
*steps betweene Herod and the Princes.*

*P. Alex. T. Arist.* Sir, as y'are royall, heare vs.

*Her.* Villaines, Traytors, Vipers. *Ant.* In the name  
Of goodnesse and of good men; what hand dare  
Be rais'd against his Soueraigne? Gracious Sir,  
Let not your rage abuse you; there's none heere  
That your word cannot slaughter. *Her.* Gue me way;  
Shall my owne blood destroy me? that I gaue  
Ile sacrifice to Iustice. *P. Alex.* Yet Sir, hold.  
Heare but our innocent answers. *T. Arist.* If we proue  
Guilty, let tortures ceaze vs. *Sal.* O my Lord,  
Tis a becomming Iustice; heare them speake.

*Her.* What, Villaines that are arm'd against me?

*Sal.*

*Sal.* Tis not so ; Nephewes, deare Nephewes,  
Throw at his Highnes feete, these ill becomming weapons ;  
In this case, they doe not guard but hurt you.

*P. Alex.* We obey ; and, with our weapons offer vp our liues,  
To haue our cause but heard indifferently.

*T. Arist.* Sir, there's no greater innocence on earth  
Iniur'd then our alleageance : let but truth  
Accuse vs in a shadow ; spare vs not.

*Her.* But truth accuse you ? O strange impudence !  
Th'art not of Brasse, but Adamant : seest thou this,  
This man you hir'd with stone to murder me ;  
This man with timber ; both you wrought to staine  
The sacred building with foule Paricide. Is not this true ?

*Lym. Han.* Most true ( my Lord ) wee will both bee for-  
sworne vnto it.

*P. Alex.* Falshood, th'art grown a mighty one, when these,  
These Slaues shall murder Princes. *Her.* No, not these  
Your vilde acts doe destroy you : Speake, my Lord ;  
Did not you see these in the dead of night,  
Armed with their weapons, warch at my Chamber doore,  
Intending to assault me ? *Hil.* Tis most true ;  
And had I not with threats and some exclaimes  
Remou'd them, you had perisht. *Ant.* Wonderfull.

*P. Alex.* O truth, for shame awaken ; this Slaue will  
Exile thee from all Mankinde. *Her.* What, doth this  
Bristle your guilty spirits ? No, Ile come  
Neerer vnto your Treasons ; heer's your hands,  
Your own hands, most vnnaturall : Sister, see ;  
See, mine *Antipater* ; ( for I know, you both  
Are perfect in their hands and Characters )  
This Letter did they traitrously conuey  
Vnto *Chrysander*, which commands our Powers,  
And Conquests won in *Greece* ; inciting him  
To breake his firme alleageance, and to ioyne  
His strength with theirs, to worke our overthrow.  
Speake, our Centurion ; did not you receiue  
This Letter from *Chrysander* ?

*Ant.* My Lord, I did.

*Her.* And that it is their owne hands, witnesse you;  
And you; and all that know them.

*Sal.* I am strooke dumbe with wonder; I should sweare  
This were your own hands Nephews. *Ant.* By my hopes;  
If it be false, tis strangely counterfeit;  
The Slaue that did it had a cunning hand,  
And neere acquaintance with you: but, deare Sir,  
It shall be gracious in you to conceiue  
The best of these misfortunes: who, that knowes  
The world, knowes not her mischieues; and how Slaues  
Are euer casting Mines vp; for my part,  
(Though there's no likelihood) I will suppose,  
This is, and may be counterfeit. *Sal.* And so will I.

*Her.* But neuer I, it is impossible.

*P. Alex.* Sir, I beseech you, howsoere you lose  
The force of Nature, or the touch of blood;  
Lose not the vse of Iustice; that should liue,  
When both the rest are rotten: all these proofes  
Are false as Slander, and the worke hew'd out  
Only by malice; when w're tane away,  
Tis you your selfe next followes: why alasse,  
We are your Armour; he that would strike home,  
And hit you soundly, must vn buckle vs.

*T. Arist.* Besides Sir, please you either send, or call  
*Chrysander* home (whom we haue euer held,  
A noble, free, and worthy Gentleman)  
And, if he doe accuse vs; we will throw  
Our liues to death with willingnesse; nay more,  
Plead guilty to their Slanders. *Ant.* In my thoughts  
This is a noble motion; heare them Sir.

*Sal.* It will renowe your patience; Sacred Sir,  
Let me begge for my Nephewes; you haue said  
You tooke delight to heare me; heare me now.

*Ant.* S'foote, y'are too earnest, and will spoyle vs all;  
Begge with a scurvy cold Parenthesis.  
Sir, (though I know, in this case, minutes are  
Irrecouerable losses) yet, you may  
(If please you) grant them their Petition.

*Her.*

*Her.* I'm resolu'd,

*Enter Tryphon.*

*Chryſander* shall be ſent for: ha, how now?

Why ſtar'ſt thou? why art breathleſſe? *Try.* O my Lord,

My gracious Lord, heare me; I muſt diſcloſe

A treaſon foule and odious: theſe your Sonnes,

Your Princely Sonnes, chiefly Prince *Alexander*,

By fearefull threats, and golden promiſes,

Haue labour'd me, that when I ſhould be cald,

To trim your Highneſſe beard, or cut your hayre;

I then ſhould lay my Razor to your throat,

And ſend you hence to Heauen. *Ant. Sal.* Ovnaturall!

*Her.* Villaine, ſpeake this againe.

*P. Alex. Y. Ariſt.* Villaine, ſpeak truth, feare Iudgement.

*Try.* Briefly Sir, Prince *Alexander*, and *Ariſtobulus*

Offer'd me heapes of gold to cut your throat,

When I ſhould trim or ſhaue you. *Her.* From which, thus

Mine owne hand ſhall ſecure me; villaine, die, *ſtabs Tryph.*

That knew'ſt a way to kill me; and henceforth,

What Slave ſoeuer dare to fill mine eare

With tales of this foule nature, thus ſhall periſh;

Ile not be tortur'd liuing: where's my Guard?

Handle thoſe treacherous young men; and, with cordes,

Strangle them both immediately. *P. Alex.* Sir, O Sir.

*Y. Ariſt.* Heare vs; but heare vs. *Her.* Neuer, I am deafe;

Villaines, that hatch ſuch execrable thoughts,

Vnfit for noble ſpirits, ſhall not breath:

Diſpatch I ſay; for vnto time Ile raiſe

Such Trophées of Seuerity; that he

Which reads your Story with a bloody thought,

Shall tremble and forſake it. *P. Alex.* Yet that man

Seeing your Rigor, and our Innocence,

Shall turne his feare to pittie, and condemne

The malice of your raſhneſſe: Sir, to dye

Thus, as we doe, not guilty, is a death,

Of all, moſt bleſt, moſt glorious; for, it is

To braue death, not to feele it; and this end

Reuiues vs, but not kils vs. *Y. Ariſt.* Brother, true;

Let me embrace thy goodneſſe; for I know,

The

The last gape of a death thus innocent,  
Hath no paine in it; and w<sup>e</sup> are sure to finde  
Sweetnesse ith' shortnesse, all content of minde.

*Her.* Pull, and dispatch them,

*They strangle  
the Princes.*

*Ant.* This was well contriu'd.

*Sal.* An act worth imitation. *Ant.* O, mighty Sir,

You haue done Iustice brauely, on your head  
Depends so many heads, and on your life  
The liues of such aboundance; that, beleeu't,  
Acts and Consents must not alone be fear'd;  
But Words and Thoughts; nay very Visions,  
In this case must be punish't: Ancient times,  
(For Princes safeties) made our Dreames our Crimes.

*Her.* Tis true; and I am resolute to run a Course,  
T'affright the proud'st Attempter; goe, conuay  
Those bodies vnto Buriall: *Antipater,*  
Come neere me man; th'art now the only branch  
Left of this aged Body; which, howere  
Disdaind, for want of grafting; yet, Ile now  
Make thee the chiefe, the best, and principall.  
It is our pleasure, that with winged speed,  
Forthwith you passe to *Rome*; and, in our name,  
Salute the great *Augustus*; say, that age, griefe,  
And some naturall sicknesse, hauing made  
My minde vnfit for Gouvernment; I craue,  
He would confirme thee in the Royalty:  
Which granted, I will instantly giue vp  
To thee and to thy goodnesse, all I hold;  
Either in Crowne, or Greatnesse. *Ant.* Gracious Sir,

*Her.* Doe not crosse my commandment; for I know  
Thy sweet and modest temper: but away;  
Fly in thy happy journey; I presage,  
Those which did hate my Youth, will lone mine Age. *Exit.*

*Sal.* Heeres a braue change, sweet Nephew; can you flye  
Above the pitch you play in? *Ant.* No, sweet Aunt;  
Nor in my flight will leaue you, could I shoore  
Through Heauen, as through the ayre; yet would I beare  
Thy goodnesse euer with me: how ere I rise,

Tis

Tis you alone shall rule *Ierusalem*.

*Sal.* No, tis *Antipater*; goe, be fortunate: I  
I'ue other plots in working.

*Ant.* So haue I: I  
The Kings death and her owne; till that be done,  
Nothing is perfect; th'halfe way is but runne.

Ha! who's this? the noble *Pheroas*? *Enter Pheroas sickly.*

What chance makes my deare Vncle droope thus?

Doe not giue way to your discontentment.

*Phe.* Pardon me, it is become my Maister, spacious mindes  
Are not like little bosome; they may presse

And crush disgraces inward; but the great,

Giues them full Field to fight in; and each stroke

Contempt doth strike is mortall. *Sal.* Say not so;

You may finde reparation. *Phe.* Tell me where;

Not vpon earth; when reputation's gone,

Tis not in Kings to bring her backe againe;

I am a banisht out-cast, and what's more,

The scorne of those gaze on me: but a day

Will come, of Visitation, when the King

May wish these foule deeds vndone. *Ant.* Come, no more

We're partners in your sorrowes; and how ere

The King doth yet smile on vs, we know well

The word of any Peasant hath full power

To turne vs topsie turuy. *Phe.* Are you there?

Nay, then you haue got feeling. *Sal.* Sensibly,

And feare, and will preuent it.

*Enter Achitophel singing, and Disease.*

*Asu.* Come buy you lusty Gallants

These Simples which I sell;

In all our dayes were neuer seene like these,

For beauty, strength, and smell:

Here's the King-cup, the Paunce, with the Violet,

The Rose that lowes the shower,

The wholesome Gilliflower,

Both the Cowslip, Lilly,

And the Daffadilly;

With a thousand in my power.



Why where are all my Customers? none come buy  
Of the rare Iew that sels eternity?

*Dis.* Indeed Maister I'm of your minde; for none of your  
Drugges but sends a man to life euerlasting.

*Acc.* Peace knaue I say, here's in this little thing

A Jewell prizelesse, worthy of a King:

If any man so bold dare bee,

Vnseene, vnknowne to coape vvith me,

And giue the price which I demand;

Heere's treasure worth a Monarchs Land.

*Ant.* Harke how the Mountebanke sets out his ware,

*Pbe.* O, tis a noble Braggard; two dry'd frogs,

An ownee of Rats-bane, grease and Staues-aker,

Are all his ingredients. *Ant.* Peace for shame,

Haue Charity before you; harke, obserue. *Accis. Sings.*

*Accis.* Here's golden *Amaranthus*,

That true Loue can prouoke;

Of Horehound store, and poysoning Elebore,

With the Polipode of the Oake:

Here's chaste *Verruine* and lustfull *Eringo*,

Health-preseruing Sage,

And Rue, which cures old Age;

With a world of others,

Making fruitfull Mothers:

All these attend mee as my Page.

Come buy, come buy, vnknowne, vnseene,

The best that is, or ere hath beene:

He that, not asking what, dare coape,

May buy a wealth past thought, past hope.

Come buy, Come buy, &c.

*Dis.* Maister, faith giue mee leaue to make my Procla-  
mation too, though not in rime; yet in as vn sensible meeter  
as may be.

If the Diuell any man prouoke,

To buy's owne mischief in a poake;

Or else, that hood-winckt he would climbe

Vp to the Gallowes ere his time;

If fooles would learne how to conuay  
Their friends the quite contrary way;  
Come to my Maister, they shall haue  
Their wish; for hee's a crafty knaue.

*Ach.* Sirrah, y'are saucy.

*Dis.* Fitter for your dish of knauery.

*Ant.* How now *Achitophel*; what's this curious druggie  
You make such boast of; may not I question it?

*Ach.* By no meanes Sir; he that will purchase this,  
Must pitch and pay; but aske no questions.

*Ant.* Not any? *Ach.* No, not any; doe you thinke  
Perfection needs Encomiums?

*Dis.* O my Lord, you may take my Maisters word at all  
times; for, being a Phisician, hee's the onely best member  
in a Common-wealth.

*Sal.* How proue you Physitians the best members?

*Dis.* Because Madam, without them the world would in-  
crease so fast, that one man could not liue by another.

*Ant.* Go to, y'are a mad knaue: but come *Achitophel*,  
How prize you this rich Jewell? It't be fit  
Only for Kings; tis for *Antipater*.

*Ach.* The price is, two thousand Drachmas.

*Ant.* Once Ile proue mad for my priuate pleasure,  
There's your price; giue me the Iuell;  
Now it's bought & sold, you may disclose the full perfection.

*Ach.* There's reason for't my Lord, then know y'au'e here  
The strongest quickest killingst poyson, which  
Learning or Art ere viter'd; for one drop  
Kils sooner then a Canon; yet so safe  
And free from all suspicion, that no eye  
Shall see or swelling, pustule, or dis ease,  
Rage or affrighting torment: but as death were  
Kissing and not killing, hence they goe  
Wrapt vp in happy Slumbers.

*Ant.* Tis enough;  
Goe, and as Art produces things like these,  
Let me heare from you.

*Ach.* The Jew is all your Creature.

*Exit Achit.*

*Dis.*

*Dis.* Though (my Lord) I did not trouble my braines;  
yet I bestir'd my stumps ere this worke was brought to passe;  
I know the waight of the Pestle and Morter, and though  
my hands lost some leather; yet they found labour worthy  
your Lordships remembrance.

*Ant.* O, I vnderstand you, goe, there's gold. *Exit Dis.*  
Now my best Aunt and Vncle, see you this;  
Heeres but a little substance; yet a strength  
Able to beare a Kingdome euery way:  
This shall bring safety to vs, and conduct  
*Hered* the way to Heauen: Vncle you  
Shall take it to your keeping; and as I  
Direct you by my Letters, so imploy it;  
How ere stormes yet hang ore vs, you shall finde,  
I haue a Deity can calme the winde.

*Gines Pheroas  
the Poysen.*

*Sal.* Th'art excellent in all things; keepe thy way:  
What we admire, that we must obay. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus tertia.*

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ACT. 4. SCENA. 1.

*Enter Alexandra, and her Euenuck.*

*Q. Alex.* But is it ce taine Pheroas is so sicke,  
As Rumor doth giue out? *Eue.* Madam, he is;  
Nor hath he euer since his Banishment  
Cast vp his heauy count'nance. *Q. Alex.* Tis most strange;  
But iudgement still pursues him; yet Ile call  
And visit his affliction; for although  
His vvords accus'd my *Marriam*; tis his sinne  
Not person, that I enuy. *Eue.* Madam, here comes his Lady.  
*Q. Alex.* O, you are wel encounter'd; I am sad *Ent. Alida.*  
That sadnesse thus afflicts you.

*Ad.* I'm bound vnto your goodnesse.

*Q. Alex.* How fares your noble Husband?

*Ad.* Desperately ill;  
His sicknesse Madam rageth like a Plague,  
Once spotted, neuer cured; tis his minde

That

That doth afflict his body ; and that warre  
Quickly brings on destruction.

*Q. Alex.* Whence should proceed these Passions ?

*Ad.* All I can gather is his Banishment,  
Which, drawing something to his Conscience,  
Makes euery thing more mortall.

*Q. Alex.* Advice and sufferance is a ready cure  
For these distempered passions ; and might I  
But see him, I would boldly tender them.

*Ad.* Your Highnesse may ; for now he's comming forth  
To change the ayre, not his affliction.

*Enter Pheroas sicke in a Chayre.*

*Phe.* Leauē me, O leauē me to my selfe, that I may thinke  
Vpon the tedious houres I'ue yet to liue.  
O, what a Iourney hath that man to Heauen,  
Whose Conscience is oppress'd with iniury ;  
Sinne, like so many Pullies hanging by,  
To draw the Soule still downward: *Herod*; O *Herod*.

*Q. Alex.* Ha, what's this ? sure I must sound him deeper:  
How fare you Sir ?

*Phe.* O Madam, Madam, I am full of miseries.

*Q. Alex.* Discourse with Patience; she will comfort you.

*Phe.* Patience? there is a worne hath bitten Patience off;  
And, being entred, sucks my vitalls vp.

*Herod*, loath'd *Herod*: O credulous *Pheroas* !

*Q. Alex.* Why doe you call on *Herod* ?

*Phe.* Nothing now :

Was't not a strange thing, that he kild his Wife ?

*Q. Alex.* Who doe you meane, *Marriam* ?

Indeed t'was easily done ; but soundly sworne to.

*Phe.* O, I feele a dagger.

*Q. Alex.* Let not her name offend you ; she deseru'd  
A death more horrid, and her end vvas iust:

O *Pheroas*, I hated her for that Act

More then the Screech-Owle day; and vould my selfe

Have beene her Executioner ; had not Law

Strept in twixt me and anger.

*Phe.* O Madam, y'are deceiu'd ; meerely deceiu'd:

I haue a Conscience tels me otherwise.  
O my sinnes leaue, torment me not within,  
Nor raise this strange rebellion: harke, they cry  
Iudgement vpon a wretch; that wretch am I.

*Q. Alex.* This fauors of distraction.

*Ph.* A Hall, a hall; let all the deadly sinnes  
Come in and here accuse me: Ile confesse,  
Truth must no longer be obscur'd: why so;  
All things are now prepar'd; the Iudge is set,  
And wrangling Pleaders buzzing in his eares,  
Makes Babel no confusion.

*Q. Alex.* Whom doe you see Sir?

*Ph.* Feare and a guilty Conscience; nay, what's more,  
See where proud *Herod* and pale Enuy sits;  
Poore *Marriam* standing at the Barre of death,  
And her Accuser I, fallly opposing her.

*Ad.* Let not your passion worke thus.

*Q. Alex.* Giue him leaue; Passion abares by venting.

*Enc.* This is strange meditation.

*Ph.* I doe confesse before the Mercy-seate  
Of Men and Angels, I slew *Marriam*;  
'Twas I accus'd her fallly, I subornd,  
Strucke hertoth' heart with Slander; but her foes  
Shall follow after when the Hubbub comes  
And ouertakes me downward, downe below,  
In Hell amongst the damned. *Q. Alex.* Gentle Sir,  
Name them which thus seduc'd you.

*Ph.* Pardon mee,

I dare not, nor I may not; you may guesse,  
Their Characters are easie; for my selfe,  
Let mine owne shame sleepe with me; I confesse,  
*Marriam* was chaste as faire, all good, all vertuous.

*Q. Alex.* But yet, shee's dead.

*Ph.* So are my loyes and comforts: O, till now  
I had cleane lost my selfe; and as a man  
Left in a Wilderne'se, findes our no path  
To carry him to safety; so was I  
Distract, till this was vtter'd.

*Q. Alex.*

*Q. Alex.* You haue divulg'd a Myſtery, whoſe truth  
Shall ſprinkle blood through all *Ieruſalem*.

O me, poore innocent *Marriam*, let thy ſoule  
Looke downe on my reuengement; for thy ſake,  
I will forget all Greatneſſe; faith I will.  
Sir, I doe wiſh you may dye happy now;  
Your free confeſſion is a Sacrifice.

*Phc.* Madam, I thanke you; and belieu't for truth,  
The hurly burly which but late I had  
Is now appeas'd; Truth's a braue Secretary.  
I could not reſt before; yet now I feele  
A calmenefſe ouerſpread me; and my minde,  
Like a decayed Temple new adorn'd,  
Shewes, as it nere was ſullied.

*Q. Alex.* Y're happy Sir.

*Phc.* Madam, I am; for, with this peace of minde,  
I finde my breath decaying; yet before  
I take this long laſt Iourney, one thing more  
I muſt diſcloſe; then, all is perſitted.  
Wiſe, reach me the Violl ſtanding in my Study,  
Of which I was ſo carefull, and did binde  
Your ſelfe by Oath to looke to: goe, away; *Exit Adm.*  
Tis a new birth that Villany vvould bring forth.

*Ene.* More miſchiefes yet in hatching?

*Q. Alex.* Theſe actions leade you on to happineſſe;  
And for the penitent man, remiſſion ſtands  
Ready to fold him in her Chriſtall armes:  
Yet noble *Pheroas*, make me ſo much bleſt,  
To know vvho plotted *Marriam's* Tragedy.

*Phc.* Name it no more; ope not my vvound afreſh;  
Leaſt, in th'incision, I ſhould bleed to death:  
I haue too much vpon me; adde to Fire,  
Not Oyle, but Water; Seas will not raiſe his care,  
Whoſe ſhip lies ſanded on the hill Deſpaire.

*Ad.* Sir, here's the Violl.

*Enter Adm.*

*Phc.* Here's a little Compaſſe; but a mighty ſound:  
And in this little Thimble, lies ſtrange Villany.  
Madam, 'twas once prepared for the King;

And

And he from me deseru'd it ; not from him  
That bought it to destroy him : but He shew  
Mercy to my Tormenters. *Q. Alex.* And those deeds  
Argue a pious Nature. *Phe.* If they doe ;  
Then thus I will expresse them : Wife, by all  
The ties that I can challenge, or intreate  
By oath, by faith, by loue and loyall duty,  
I binde thee keepe this glasse till I be dead ;  
But, once departed, spill it on the ground,  
Where nere treads liuing Creature ; and (though vrg'd)  
Deny thou euer sawst it ; yea, though death  
Bethreatned to confesse it : this perform'd,  
My peace is made with all things.

*Ad.* By all the Bonds of loue and faith I will.

*Phe.* Then *Herod* doe thy vvorst ; I am beyond  
The reach of all thine enuy ; peace dwels heere ;  
And quiet Slumber sits vpon mine eyes :  
I haue no Racks nor Batteries now vvithin,  
As easie I had when I vvvas troubled :  
My nummed feete which late so leaden were,  
I could not stand nor walke ; haue now such vvarmth,  
That I can trauell vnto Paradise ;  
And, vvith spread armes, incircle mercy to me :  
I that accus'd the Queene, accuse my selfe,  
And on her Altar lay my bleeding heart ;  
Where I haue found such mercy in my truth,  
That *Marriam* selfe hath got me happy pardon :  
For vvhich deare Sweet I thanke thee : now I come,  
My life hath runne it's Circle, and's come round ;  
Mouat Soule to Heauen ; sinke sins vnto the ground. *Dies.*

*Ad.* O, he is gone, his life is withered :  
What shall become of me ? I'm lost for euer.  
My Lord, my Husband ; O, my *Pheroas* ;  
Lift vp those eyes, they are too soone obscur'd  
From her, that as her life did tender thee.

*Q. Alex.* Haue patience ; tis a fruitlesse Dialogue,  
Since to the dead you speake ; withdraw him hence,  
His Conscience is vnburthened, he secure

On



On his long Journey wander'd; and beleu'r,  
The causers of his woe shall follow him;  
By all that's good they shall; second me Fate,  
And let reuenge once murder cruel hate. *Exit Alex. & Ad.*

*Eu.* No, He preuent you, *Salumish* shall know,  
All your designs, and how your actions goe. *Exit Eunuch.*

*Enter Herod Niraleus, Animis, Hillus, and Attendants.*

*Her.* Where is *Niraleus*? what, haue you tane suruey  
Of all the holy Building? May't be said,  
*Herod* in it hath out-gone *Salomon*?

*Nir.* Dread Sir, it may: nay and so farre out-gone,  
As Sunshine petty Starre-light. *Her.* Come discourse  
The manner of the Building. *Nir.* Briefly thus,  
The Temple which King *Salomon* set vp,  
In honor of the God of *Israel*,

(Being by your great Mightinesse defac'd)  
Is thus by you restor'd. The generall Frame,  
In height, in breadth, in length, is euery way  
Fully an hundred Cubits; and besides,  
Twenty lies hid in the Foundation:

The matter is white Marble; euery Stone  
Twelue Cubits broad, and eight ith' outward part;  
So curiously contriu'd, that not a hayre  
Differs in all the Building: euery Gate  
Is clos'd in gold, and so enchain'd and set  
With precious Stones; that neuer, till this day,  
Saw mortall man so rich a Jewellry:

The Tops and Thresholds, Siluer; and each Barre  
Studded with knobs of shining Diamonds.

Close to the holy Building, stands a Court  
Of square Proportion; euery way stretcht out  
Seauen hundred and twenty Cubits: all the Wall  
Is made of masse Siluer, and adorn'd

With Pillars of white Marble; from whose base  
Toth' top are forty Cubits; and thereon  
Mounted such curious Walkes and Galleries,  
That thence you may behold the Fishes dance  
Within the Riuer *Cedron*: all the Floore

Is pau'd with Marble, Touch, and Ivory;  
 And on the golden Gate, is finely wrought  
 A flaming Sword; which, by Inscription,  
 Threats death to all dare enter. *Her.* What's within?

*Nir.* Within this Court, is fram'd a curious Vine  
 Of perfect Gold; the Body and large Armes,  
 Of shining Gold, brought from *Arabia*:  
 The Sprayes and lesser Branches, are compact  
 Of *Ophy*, Gold; more red and radiant:  
 The Tops and Twines, whereon the Clusters hang,  
 Are yellow Gold; wrought in *Affrya*:  
 The Fruit it selfe is Christall; and so ioynd,  
 That when the Sunne looks on'them, they reflect  
 And vary in their colours seuerall wayes,  
 According to their Obiects. To conclude;  
 Such Art, such Wealth, and Wonder in the Frame  
 Is ioynd and wed together; that the World  
 Shall neuer see it equal'd: but this Truth  
 Shall still hang on it as a Prophesie:  
 Blush Art and Nature; none below the Sunne  
 Shall euer doe what *Herod* now hath done.

*Her.* Enough, th'ast giuen me satisfaction; and forthwith,  
 In solemne wise I'll haue it consecrate  
 Vnto the God of *Israel*: how now;  
 Why comes our Sister thus amazedly.

*Enter Salumith, and the Eunuch.*

*Sal.* Sir, I beseech you, for your royall health,  
 And for the Kingdomes safety, you'll be pleas'd  
 To heare this *Eunuch* speake; and howsoere  
 Yaue vow'd no more to heare Conspiracies:  
 Yet Sir, in this regard him; and admit,  
 He may make knowne what may endanger you.

*Her.* Whence is the *Eunuch*? *Sal.* Belonging to *Alexandra*.

*Her.* Let him speake freely.

*Ew.* It pleas'd my Lady Sir, this other day,  
 (Hearing how desperately strong sicknesse rag'd  
 Vpon Prince *Pherous*) for some speciall cause  
 To goe and visite him; she found him pain'd,

Both

Both in his minde and body ; vttering forth  
Many distracted Speeches ; some against  
Your Highnesse person, most against himselfe ;  
Saying, he had maliciously accus'd  
The late Queene most vniustly : in the end,  
He makes his Lady from his Study bring  
A Violl filld with Poyson ; saying, this  
Was for the King prepared ; and by those  
That had least cause to hurt him : vwhen he had  
Viewd it, and shew'd the venome ; he bequeathes  
The Violl to his Lady ; giues her charge  
Of safe and curious keeping , till his eyes  
Were clos'd in death for euer ; but, that done,  
To cast it forth and spill it on the ground,  
Where none that liues might know it : this scarfe spoke,  
His Soule forsakes his Body ; but the Glasse  
My Lady, and his sad Wife doth preserue,  
I feare, for your destruction ; *Marriams* Soule  
Hath strong reuengement promis'd. *Her.* Tis enough,  
Th'ast told me likely danger : *Hillus* with  
Your Guard attach the Wife of *Pheros* ;  
Then search the house ; and whatsoere you finde  
Like Poyson, see you bring me : *Animis* ;  
With your Guard ceaze my Mother ; goe, away ;  
Be carefull, & be happy. *An.* Doubt vs not. *Ex. An. & Hil.*

*Her.* Still shall I thus be hunted, and compeld  
To turne head on mine owne blood ? Is there left  
Nothing to guard me but my Cruelty ?  
Then let my Passion conquer and keepe downe  
All Mercy from appearing. *Sal.* Sir, twill be  
A royall Iustice in you : who not knowes  
The *Lybian* Lyons neuer dare approach  
The walls wheron their spoiles hang, Wolves we see  
Fly from the sound of those Drums, which we know  
Are headed with their owne Skins : Sir, beleeu't,  
Seuerity brings safety. *Her.* Tis most true,  
And I will hence begin to study it.  
How now, whom haue you there ?

*Enter Hillu with his Guard, bringing in Addu in a Chair.*

*Hil.* Sir, tis the Wife of the deceated *Phereas*.

*Her.* By what meanes comes she thus disabled?

*Hil.* By her owne fatall mischiefe: when she saw  
I did approach her Dwelling; first she barres  
All Dores against my passage; then, her selfe  
Mounts vp into a Turret, which orelooks  
What euer stands about it; thence she calls,  
And asks me what I came for; I declar'd  
The pleasure of your Greatnesse; and with tearmes  
Fit for her royall Calling, wisht she would  
Obey what I must finish: She returnes  
An answer like her fury; said she would  
Nor yeeld to you, nor mine authority.  
Which anger being ouer; she cry'd see,  
Thus will I flye to *Herod*; and that spoke,  
Downe from the Turret did she throw her selfe  
As if a VVhirle-winde tooke her: which perceiud,  
I made the Soldiers catch her; yet the force  
Came with such deadly violence, that some  
She struck dead vnderneath her; and her selfe  
Bruiz'd, as you see, and wounded: By our meanes  
Hath yet so much life left, as may resolue,  
VVhat we cannot discover. *Her.* What of the Poyson?

*Hil.* No where to be found.

*Sal.* Twas a strange desperate hazard. *Her.* But a toy;  
They which dare doe, dare suffer; desperate Soule,  
Doe not play with more mischiefe; but confesse,  
VVhere is the Poyson, which thy treacherous Lord  
(Hauing for me provided) did conuay  
Vnto thy charge and keeping. *Ad.* Sir, I vow,  
There nere was any giuen me; neither had  
My Lord a thought so odious. *Her.* Come tis false;  
Nor can you now outstrip me; to denye,  
Is but to adde to sorrow; or confesse,  
Or drinke of more affliction. *Sal.* Madam, doe;  
It will be too apparant, trust the King;  
He sue and begge your safety. *Nir.* Tis aduice

VVorthy

Worthy your best imbraces. *Her.* Quickly speake;  
For I am todaine in my Cruelty.

*Ad.* What shall I speake; but, that y<sup>e</sup> are tyrannous,  
Thus to compell a falshood; I protest,  
He neuer gaue me any; nor know I  
Of any hidden Poyson.

*Her.* Prepare her for the Torture: Shall my life  
Lye in these rotten Caskets, and not I  
Dare to consume or breake them? Wretched thing,  
Ile make you speake louder then Tempests doe;  
And true as Oracles; or else, beleeu't, *They racke Ad.*  
Ile cracke your strongest heart-strings: so, pull home;  
Stretch her out like a Lute string.

*Ad.* O, as y<sup>e</sup> are a King haue mercy; hold, O hold.

*Her.* Speake truth, or there's no mercy; higher yet.

*Ad.* O, my weake strength cannot beare it; hold, O hold.  
I will confesse and perish.

*Her.* Doe it with truth there's safety, giue her ease.

*Ad.* I doe confesse the Poyson; that my Lord  
Bequeath'd it to my keeping; that it was  
Prepard to kill you: but (great Sir)  
Neuer by him.

*Her.* Who then became the Author?

*Ad.* Sir, 'twas *Antipater*. *Sal.* Mischiefe on mischief,  
How came shee by that knowledge?

*Her.* *Antipater*! how, from *Antipater*?

*Ad.* Ere his departure vnto *Rome*, he came  
And feasted with my Lord; declar'd his hopes;  
And that betwixt him and the Crowne, did stand  
Nothing but your weake life, and great *Augustus* fauour:  
The latter got; the first he said should fall,  
And vanish in a moment; to which end,  
He had prepar'd that poyson; and besought  
My Lord to keepe it safely; for he meant  
At his returne to vse it.

*Her.* Can you tell by whose meanes he attaind it?

*Ad.* He bought it of the Jew *Achitophel*.

*Her.* What did you with that Poyson?

*Ad.* As my dead Lord commanded; on the grownd  
I cast most part thereof; only some drops  
Left in the Viols bottome, with the Glasse,  
(At her most strong intreaty) I bestow'd  
On the Queene *Alexandra*. *Her.* Take her downe;  
This at the first had eas'd your misery:  
Ha Sir, *Antipater*; all this *Antipater*?

O Heauen! But tis no wonder. *Nir.* Yes, that Truth  
Should thus come forth by Miraele; till now  
Mischiefe hath gone safe guarded: but, I hope,  
Your Highnesse vwill make vse on't. *Her.* Doubt me not.

*Enter Animis, bringing in Alexandra, Achitophel, & Diseafe.*  
Here comes my second trouble: vwhat the Iew?  
You haue preuented sending for: false Queene,  
That hast disgrac'd thy Sexe with Cruelty.  
What Poyson's in your keeping? *Q. Alex.* Not any Sir.

*Her.* Not any; impudent? *Ad.* O Madam, tis  
Too late now to excuse it; paine, O paine,  
Tirannous paine hath torne all from my Bosome:  
The Violl vvhich I gaue you, and the drops,  
Is that his Highnesse virges. *Q. Alex.* I do confesse them;  
Heere is the Violl and the drops: from this,  
What can your malice gather? *Her.* That your intent  
Was, therewith to destroy me. O, your Gods!  
What's life, when This can take it? This, this drop;  
This little paltry nothing. *Q. Alex.* Sir, tis false  
Lneuer did intend your iniury.

*Sal.* What not intend it? Blushlesse impudence!

*Q. Alex.* If you be made my Iudge, I know I'm then  
Worse then all feare can make me. *Her.* Yare indeed  
A mischiefe too long growing. Sirrah, Iew;  
Was this your Composition? *Ach.* 'Twas a worke  
My Art brought forth; but neuer did my thought  
Touch at your Highnes. *Her.* Who made you to prepare it?

*Ach.* The Prince *Antipater*.

*Sal.* Villaine, thart damn'd for that discouery.

*Ach.* No matter; Ile haue reyal company.

*Her.* And Sirrah, you had a finger in this worke too.

*Dis.*

*Dis.* No truly My Lord, I durst not dip my finger in your dish,  
After great men is alwayes good manners.

*Nir.* Then you knew it was prepar'd for the King.

*Dis.* Alas, I knew my Maister had nothing too deare for his  
Grace, and my Lord *Antipater* I know gaue a good price for it.

*Her.* Was this Poyson then prepar'd for me?

*Dis.* O Sir, by all likelihood; for euery your Physitian is like  
your Hauke; the greater the Fowle is that he kills, the greater is  
still both his reward and reputation.

*Her.* Tis true, and you shall both finde it: goe, hang vp that  
Peasant presently; and then cast him into *Silo*.

*Dis.* Who me, hang vp me? that cannot be good payment.

*Sal.* Why foole?

*Dis.* Because I shall neuer be able to acknowledge satisfaction.

*Her.* Away vvith him; and for that treacherous Iew, *Ex.Dis.*  
And you false-hearted Madam, both shall tast  
Of that you vvould haue tendred; equally  
Diuide that Bane into two cups of vvine,  
And giue it them to drinke off; tis decreed,  
What vv as prepar'd for me, shall make you bleed.

*Q. Alex.* Tis vvelcome Sir; a sodaine death, I know  
Is terrible and fearfull; but indeed,  
To those vv which doe attend it, and doe stand  
Constantly gazing on it; who doe liue,  
Where it scarres none but Cowards; those can meet,  
And kisse it as a sweet Companion:  
Tis vnto those a Bugbeare, vvho do thinke  
Neuer on Heauen, but for necessity,  
Your Tyranny hath taught me other rules;  
And this guest comes long lookt for: heere's a health  
To all that honor Vertue; let suffice, *Drinks the Poyson.*  
Death doth oretake, but it doth not surprize.

*Ach.* Well Madam, I must pledge you; yet before,  
He doe the King some seruice: I confesse,  
I did compound the poyson; 'twas prepar'd  
To kill your Maiesty; the Plot was laid  
Both by *Antipater* and *Salumith*:  
They equally subborn'd me; each bestow'd

Reward



Reward vpon mee, and encouragement:  
T'was they which made me to accuse the Queene,  
I must confesse vniustly; they, long since,  
Haue shar'd you and the Kingdome: that tis true,  
Be this last draught my witnesse; for no Slaue  
Madly will carry fallhood to his Graue. *Drinke the Payson.*

*Sal.* But thou dost, and it will damne thee. *Hor.* Say not so;

I know this smoake vwill kindle, and my care  
Must now preuent my danger. *Animis,* *Exe. Ani. & Sal.*

Guard you my Sister safely: *Hillus,* cause  
Those bodies to be buried: you *Niraleus,*  
Shall make for *Rome* with all speed; thence, bring backe

That false, ingratefull, proud *Antipater*:

Carry the matter close, but cunningly:

For that poore Soule, bid our Phisitians

With all care to respect her; for tis she

That onely can accuse our enemies.

Thus runnes the wheelles of State, now vp, now downe;

And none that liues findes safety in a Crowne. *Exeunt.*

*Dumbe Shew.*

*Enter at one Doore, Augustus triumphant with his Romans; at another*  
*Antipater: he kneeles and giues Augustus Letters; which looks on,*  
*Augustus raises him, sets him in his Chayre, and Crownes him,*  
*swears him on his Sword, and deliueres him Letters: then, Enter*  
*Niraleus, he giues Antipater Letters; hee shewes them to Au-*  
*gustus; then, imbracing, they take leaue and depart seuerally.*

*Iose.* Once more, I must intreat you to bestow

Much on Imagination; and to thinke,

That now our Bastard hath attain'd the top

And height of his Ambition: You haue scene

*Augustus* Crowne him; all his great Requests

Are summ'd and granted: therefore, now suppose

He is come home in Triumph; all his Plots

He holds as strong as Fate is, nothing feares;

(So braue his minde enchants him) how at last,

He falls to vtter ruine; sit, and see:

No man hath power to out-worke Destinie. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus quarti.*

Act.

Act. 5. Scœna. 1.

*Enter Antipater, and Niraleus.*

*Ant.* O Niraleus; so liberall was the royall brested *Cesar*,  
As farre exceeds all thought or iust expression.  
When he establisht me *Iudea's* King,  
His bounty did so farre extend it selfe,  
That euen his Court appeard a Paradise;  
The People like so many Demi-Kings;  
Himselfe, the great Vice-gerent ore them all.

*Nir.* *Cesar* is royall, and *Antipater* deseruing.

*Ant.* Me thinks (as in a Mirror) still I see  
*Augustus* dealing yellow *Arabian* gold  
Amongst the vulgar, in *Antipater's* name;  
So louely were his lookes, so Angel-like his words  
The very thought strikes me into a Rapture:  
O, I could laugh my selfe breathlesse in conceit,  
To thinke on those faire honors we receiu'd.

*Nir.* Liue to deserue euer.

*Enter 3. Lords laughing, and pointing scornfully at Antipater.*

*Ant.* How now; what Motion-mongers are these? S'death,  
what meane they? Doe they make mee a Batchellor Cuckond?  
But that I would know the intent, I could be very angry: but  
He nor minde 'em.

1. That's he was carried in triumph through *Rome*.
  2. Poore Young-man, thy Greatnes must downe.
  3. He scorn'd (being great) to looke on Pouerty;
- But now Pouerty scornes Batenesse: farewell.
1. Your Greatnesse will haue a cold welcome home,
  2. See how he lookes.      1. Pittifully pale.
  1. I doubt hee'l runne mad.
  2. Come, let's leaue him. Ha, ha, ha.      *Exeunt.*

*Antip.* Has Nature stampe me with Deformity?  
Am I of late transform'd? Am I the Owle  
So lately made, for Birds to wonder at? Is't so?  
I thinke I am my selfe; I haue my Voyce,  
My Legs, my Hands, my Head, Face, Eyes and Nose;  
I'm disproportion'd no way that I know of:

Then why doe these Wood-cracks wonder at me?  
I could be naturally vex'd, and haue good cause for't:  
But Ile be patient, walke, obserue: here comes a friend.

*Enter Animis, walking by Antipater.*

*Ani.* My Lord; — You are vndone.

*Ant.* Ha, noble *Animis*; what, gone so soone?

*Ant.* Noble *Hillus*. *Enter Hillus.*

*Hil.* My Lord; — Your necke is broke. *Exit.*

*Ant.* Ha! whats that? strange entertainment: y'are vndone:  
Whom should this be; for me it cannot be? No;  
I am a King, and tis a hard matter to vndoe a King.  
Pish; there's no Morall in these foolish words:  
Your Necke is broke; a Banquerout's Sentence,  
We are vnlimited, both in Wealth, and Stare;  
As boundlesse as the Sea; free in guift.  
No; tis not their words can breed amazement;  
But their strange looks, gestures, and geerings at me:  
Instruct me good *Niraleus*, thou art an honest man;  
How shewes this disrespect? strangely: doe's it not?

*Nir.* Nothing, nothing Sir; Courtiers you know are apish:  
Tis onely some new Proiect they haue to entertaine you.

*Ant.* Proiects for entertainment! Well, th'are strange;  
And I finde something troubles mee.

*Nir.* What ayle you Sir? D'ye'e faint? Y'are wondrous pale;  
You change Colour strangely: D'ye'e bleed?

*Ant.* A Drop; nothing, but a Drop.

*Nir.* Tis ominous.

*Ant.* True; and I finde something that staggers me:  
I will retire my selfe from Court to day.

*Nir.* Retire from Court! O, name it not for shame;  
Least you incurre a publike Scandall on you:  
Why should you flye from that most couets you?  
Will you obscure your Sunne-beames in their height?  
Couer your Glories in their Mornings rise?  
Those that now geered; then, will laugh outright;  
When lookes can put *Antipater* to flight.  
No, forage on; and, like a daring Lion,  
Single your Game; let not pale Feare dismay you:

Appeale

Appeale for Iustice to Heroicke Herod,  
Gainst those that thus contemn'd your Soueraignty:  
True Valour in the weakest Trench doth lie;  
Then beare you brauely on, and scorne to flye.

*Ant.* Th'ast new created me: I loue this Honor,  
That is by merit purchas'd: second me then;  
And let the worst of fortunes fall vpon me:  
This Guard Ile keepe; grappling this Sword,  
(Though wall'd with Pikes) Ile beat my passage through;  
And to great Herod make my Supplication.  
He that feares Enuy shall be sure to finde it:  
But he securest, that the least doe's munde it.  
Stay, a new Onser.

*Enter Animis, with a Guard.*

*Ani.* Great Antipater.

*Ant.* I, that sounds nobly; why not this before?

*Ani.* This cause and this Authority. *Wips forth his Sword.*

*Ant.* What, betraid; and sleeping taken? *Niralem:*  
Slaues let me goe, Ile to the King for Iustice:  
Hayee caught the Lambe within the Lions Denne?  
Cowardly wretches: O for my good Sword,  
And liberty to gratulate your Trecheries.

*Nir.* Your Treasons must be first answer'd Sir;  
Til then, you must to Prison.

*Ant.* Ha, *Niralem*; art thou my accuser?  
Haue I within my bosome kept a Snake,  
Tosting mee first? Trecherous Lords,  
My Treasons? 'gainst whom? or, by whom acted?  
Innocence protect me: guide me to Herod,  
That, to his sacred person, I may tell  
The Iniuries *Antipater* does suffer:  
He comes; O happy houre: Iustice; Iustice Sir.

*Enter Herod, Hilius, and Attendants.*

*Her.* The Iustice that you merit; hence away with him.

*Ant.* O sacred Herod, heare thy Vassall speake:  
Consider what I am; thy Sonne: if my offences  
Proue preiudiciall to thee; Ile lay my life  
As foot-stoole to thy mercies: O, consider,

I neuer was that disobedient Sonne,  
That did in any thing oppose his Father :  
But with a greedinesse, still ranne to act,  
Ere thy Command was past: if these Honours,  
These titular glories, great *Augustus* gaue me;  
If these offend my Soueraigne, cut them off;  
Raze them from off my head; and let me be  
Any thing, but *Herods* scorne; no misery  
Can worke vpon me halfe that troubled grieve,  
As does one frowne from those thy glorious eyes :  
Let not those white haire now be staind with blood,  
Blood of thine owne begetting; euery drop  
In me, from thee had being; canst thou be so vnkind,  
To cast thy selfe away? O sacred Sir,  
Hiee compassion in your tender eyes;  
Weeping for me, that mone your miseries.

*Her.* Through what a Labyrinth is mercy led;  
Rise in our fauour euermore belou'd.

*Nir.* Rise in your fauour! O *Herod* be more iust;  
As thou art King; so be a God in Iustice;  
The blood of Babes, cries for thine equity:  
Remember but his Strattagemis forepast;  
All which, acquitting, you are accessary.  
Thinke first on *Aristobulus* fell death;  
Your two braue Sonnes, and noble *Iosephs* fall:  
Next *Pheroas* your Brother; O, your natiue blood:  
And *Alexandra*, that most innocent Lady;  
Vniustly and vntimely brought to death,  
All through his poysonous Complots.

*Her.* All these are past and cannot be recal'd.

*Nir.* Let not his sinocra words Sir intice you to him;  
In stillest Riuers are the greatest dangers:  
If none of these can moue you to doe Iustice,  
Whose Soules yet houering still doe cry Reuenge;  
Yet there is one whose cause must not be slip;  
Though Cannons roare yet must not you be deafe;  
But (like the glory you were made for) be  
A King, a God in Iudgement, and in Iustice:

Sonnes

Sonnes are no longer Ours, then they are Natures ;  
When Nature leaues them, we may leaue our claime :  
Be this your warrant, iustly to execute  
Iudgement on him, that ha's vniustly mured  
Your Mother, Sons, Brothers, Sisters: if not for these;  
Thinke vpon her as deare as was your life,  
Your *Marriam*; you innocent, chaste, faire *Marriam* ;  
By his false witnessse, turn'd to vntime'ly dust :  
O as y' are great, be good, gracious, and iust.

*Her.* All those forenamed were of no effect :  
My *Marriam* ; O my heart : hence with the Slaue ;  
Ile heare no more of his inchanting words.

*Antip.* O *Herod*, Kingly Father. *Exit Antip. with a Guard.*

*Her.* Away with him ; Ile blot out all Affinity :  
O *Niraleus*, he was so deeply rooted in our loue ;  
All those and thousands more could neuer worke  
Me to haue sent him from my presence : but  
My *Marriam* ; O, the very name of her  
Is like a passing-Knell, to a sicke man :  
For, if to be a King, is to be wretched ;  
Then to be meane is to be glorious :  
The thought of *Marriam*, like a Feuer burnes,  
Dissests me euery Nerue ; I feeble within  
My cogitations bearing, things long past  
Are now presented, now I suffer for them ;  
I'm growne a Monster, and could chafe my selfe  
Out of my selfe ; I'm all on fire within :  
O *Marriam*, *Marriam*, Mistis of my Soule ;  
I shall expire with breathing on thy name :  
Thy deare remembrance burnes me : who attends ?  
Giue me some Fruit to coole me.

*Nir.* What, will you tast some Sirrop, or some grapes ?

*Her.* No, giue me an Apple. *Nir.* Here are faire ones Sir.

*Her.* Lend me a knife to pare it : O *Niraleus*,  
I haue done cruell Iustice ; is there left  
A good thing to succeed me ? All my Sonnes,  
My Brothers, Sisters ; nay, the very last  
Of all my blood is vanisht.

*Nir.* Say not so ; Your Childrens Children liue yet  
*Her.* Passing true, young *Archelau* and *Antipas* ;  
Bee't your charge to see them sent for home ;  
Someth'ng I must act, worthy my Meditation ;  
Ile not liue to haue care dwell so neere me ; one small pricke  
With this will doe it : thus Ile trye it. *Stabs himselfe.*

*Nir.* Hold, in the name of wonder, what haue you done Sir ?

*Her.* Nothing but sought to ease my misery ;  
A little more had done it.

*Nir.* Good Sir haue patience ; a Surgeon there.

*Her.* Patience, thou seest I haue, to kill my selfe ;  
I shall ere long rest in my *Marriams* armes :

I would not be a King another yeare,  
For both the Crownes of *Iuda* and of *Rome* :  
Prouide my Bed, I'm faint and someth'ng sicke :

*Antipater*, be close, Ile sift your knauery ;  
A King has eye-balls that can pierce through stone ;  
His very lookes, shall make the Slaue confesse,  
Who's iust, and who's vniust : all is not well ;  
Lend me your hands, wee'l try who is the strongest ;  
A wager, of vs two, I liue the longest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Antipater, Hillus and a Guard.*

*Hil.* These are (my Lord) your Lodgings ; here you may  
Rest at your noble pleasure ; when you call,  
W're ready to attend you. *Ant.* Why tis well ;  
Yet, if a man should aske this Chambers name,  
You would call it a Prison. *Hil.* Tis no lesse. *Exe. Guard.*

*Ant.* Then Gentlemen I thanke you ; take your ease.  
Neuer till now hadst thou *Antipater*,  
True cause t'account with wisdome ; all thy Life  
Ha's beene but sport and Tennis-play : but this,  
O this is *Serio Ioco*, such a Game,  
As calls thy Life in question ; nay, thy Fame ;  
Thy Vertue, Praise, and Reputation :  
What art thou now ? a Prisoner ; that's a Slaue :  
Nay, Slaue to Slaues ; flauish extremity !  
But now a King ; but now a Cast-away ;  
Crown'd, and vncrown'd ; and vndone euery way :

Where's



Where's now my hellish Counsellors? my hope?  
My strong bewicht persuasion? Rise, Rise;  
And once more shew me my deliv'rance:  
Tut, all mute and hidden; tis the Devils tricke  
Sill to forsake men in their misery;

And I am pleas'd they doe so: let none share  
Either in my downefall, or welfare. *Enter Animus.*  
Keeper, welcome: what newes hath ill lucke now?

*Ani.* Strange Sir, and heauy; Rumour saith, the King  
Hath slaine himselfe.

*Ant.* Ha, call'st thou that ill newes?  
What, is he dead? *Ani.* Tis strongly so reported.

*Ant.* Thou dost not mocke my Fortune; prethee speake,  
Speake, and speake freely; thou hadst wont to loue  
And joy in what did please me: say; Is the King dead indeed?

*Ani.* Vpon my life, tis firmly so reported.

*Ant.* Excellent, excellent; noble, happy newes;  
Why, what heart could wish better? I am traunc't  
And rapt with admiration; why, I knew  
Fortune durst not forsake me: now hee's dead,  
I may say, as the Diuell sayes, all's mine:  
My hopes, my thoughts, my wishes; prethee joy  
Doe not too much orecome me: once againe,  
Say, is he dead? is *Herod* vanished?

*An.* Questionles, so talkes Rumour. *Antip.* Name it truth;  
Doe not abuse a thing so excellent:  
And now hee's dead; who thinkst thou is the King?

*Ani.* I thinke your Greatnesse only. *Ant.* Why, tis true;  
Exceeding true; who, but *Antipater*:  
Hath not *Augustus* chose me? set the Crowne  
Here? here, my *Animus*? hath not publique *Rome*  
Stil'd me the King of *Juda*? is there left  
Any of *Casmianis*; or the Seede  
Which they doe call the holy *Israel*?

No, I haue sent them packing; th'are as dead  
As *Herod* and my feares are: O, my Ioyes,  
How nimble haue you made me! To behold  
The Hangman hang himselfe; would it not please

Those

Those that stood neere the Gallowes: by my Life;  
(Which this sweet newes hath lengthened) had I seene  
The Old man kill himselfe; I thinke I should  
Haue burst my sides with laughing: Come, let's goe;  
Ile haue the Crowne immediatly. *Ani.* Go, my Lord, whither?

*Ant.* Vnto the Court, the City, any where;  
Whither my pleasure leads me. *Ani.* Pardon me;  
I haue not that Commission.

*Ant.* How; not that Commission? S'foot, dare any heart  
Harbor a thought 'gainst me? Come, th'art wise;  
Open thy Dore vnto me; I haue power  
That knowes, and can requir thee; by this hand,  
If thou withstandst my purpose; looke to be  
Despis'd and wretched. *Ani.* Good my Lord, be pleas'd.

*Ant.* Not to haue you dispute my sufferance:  
Come will you let me goe? *Ani.* Sir, I dare not.

*Ant.* Expect a damned mischief. *Ani.* Take better thoughts,  
And good my Lord conceiue, this is but Newes;  
It may be true, or false, or any way.

*Ant.* You will not let me go then? *Ani.* Would I could;  
Yet if you will take patience, with all hast  
Ile flye vnto the Court: if there I finde  
The Newes be firme and certaine; I'm your Slaue:  
You shall dispose your selfe, and me and all things.

*Ant.* Poxe of your purity, your Ginger-bread,  
And nice, safe reseruations: but, since force  
Makes me obay you; goe, away, be gone;  
Flye as thou lookst for fauour. *Ani.* I am vanisht. *Exit Ani.*

*Ant.* O, what a thing is Man! how quickly made  
And mar'd, and yet againe reedified,  
All with a breath; to make vs know, in Kings,  
Consists the great worke of Creation:  
Why, I was lost but now; and now againe,  
Am found as great as euer; thus can Fate  
Change and rechange at pleasure; he that would  
Haue kil'd, is kil'd in killing: foolish Fiends,  
You are deceiu'd to leaue me; I shall liue  
To make you bound to mine Iniquity;

Indeed I shall; and make Posterity  
Cite onely my example; then (my Soule)  
Sit, and sleepe out thy dangers.

*Antipater sits downe and slumbers; then, Enter Herod, Augustus,  
Niraleus, Archelauus, Amipus, and Hillus.*

*Her.* O royall *Cesar*, this grace thus perform'd  
In my poore Visitation; makes my Soule  
A Bondslaue to thy Vertue. *Aug.* Tis no more  
Then what your worth may challenge; onely Sir,  
This violence on your person, by your selfe,  
Must craue my reprehension. *Her.* Tis but fit:  
Yet royall *Cesar*, what should Nature doe;  
When, like to me, its growne vnnaturall?  
Turn'd a deuouring Serpent; eating vp  
The whole Frye it ingendred; nay, the armes  
And branches of it's body. Sir, 'twas I  
That kil'd the vertuous high Priest *Aristobulus*;

*Enter E. Aristobulus, and Q. Alexandra like Ghosts.*  
See where he comes bright Angel-like: O stay;  
Doe not afflict me further: how he moues  
Like gentle Ayre about me: see, to him,  
Enters his royall Mother; hold, O hold;  
I doe confesse my vengeance, and will shed  
My life-bloud to appease you. *Aug.* Why, this is  
But fancy which torments you; here appeares  
Nothing that's strange about vs. *Her.* See my Sonnes;

*Enter P. Alexander, T. Aristobulus, and Marriam.*  
My louely Boyes; tis true, I murder'd you;  
Come, take reuenge, and spare not: art thou there;  
O, let me flye and catch thee: bee'st thou Flame,  
Blastings, or mortall Sicknesse; yet I dare  
Leape and imbrace my dearest *Marriam*:  
*Marriam*, O *Marriam*; Villaines, let me goe;  
You shal' not hold me from her: O, a Sword,  
A Sword for Heauens mercy; for, but death,  
Nothing can ioyne me to her. *Aug.* This is strange;  
Nor haue I seene Passion more powerfull: See you hold him fast.

*Her.* Shall I not reach my comfort? then, O come

You that my wrath hath iniur'd ; sticke, sticke here  
The Arrowes of your Poyson : so ; it workes, it workes.

*Nir.* A Slumber ouertakes him. *Aug.* Let him rest.

*Enter, like Ghosts, Pheroat, Achitophel, Disease & Tryphon.*

*Ant.* Hold, O hold ; whither is courage vanish't ? Poxe of feares,

And Dreames imaginations : shall I turne  
Coward whilst I am sleeping ? No, Ile laugh

Euen in my Graue, at all my Villanies :

Yes, in despight of thee, and thee, and both

Your damned base Brauadoes : ha, ha, ha ;

My Mounrebanke and's Zany ! How can Hell

Spare such neate skipping Raskals ? What, my fine

Neate shauing amorous Barber ! See, I dare

Face, and our-face yee all ; I Death himselfe

For, none of you, but dyed most worthily.

Ha, I am now transfigur'd : stand away ;

Accuse me not you blessed Innocents :

O, you doe breake my brest vp, teare my Soule ;

And burne Offence to an Anatomy :

I know my mischiefe slew you ; giue me leaue,

And Ile become both Priest and Sacrifice :

They will not haue mine Offering : see, th'are gone.

And I am onely fool'd with Visions,

Sir, and sleepe out Phantasias. *Her.* Ha, ha, ha ;

This Vision doth not scarre me ; that you fell,

'Twas Iustice and my Vertue ; all your threats

Doe but augment my Triumph : go, pack hence ; *Exe. Ghosts, &*

I grieue for naught but iniur'd innocence. *Enter Animis.*

*Ani.* Where is the King my Maister ? *Ang.* What's thy will ?

*Ani.* Emperiall Sir, Tis from *Antipater.*

*Her.* *Antipater* ? speake forth, I heare thee ; that's a sound

Euer craues mine attention. *Ani.* Gracious Sir,

The rumour of your death, when it had filld

The City ; slew to him. *Her.* Yes, and then

How tooke he my departing ? Come, I see

Strange things in thy deliuerance : speake, speake free ;

How tooke he that sad Message ? *Ani.* Not toth' heart.

*Ang.* No 'twas enough the count'nance languished.

*Ani.*

*Herod and Antipater.*

*Ani.* That was as light as any. *Her.* On thy life  
Tell me his whole demeanour. *Ani.* Sir, in brieſe;

When I had told the fatall Accident  
Both of your wound and dying; ſodaine mirth  
Ranne through him like a Lightning; and he ſeemd  
Onely a flame of Ieſt and Merriment:

His ioy was paſt example; and he ſwore,  
His ſinnes had made him King of *Iſrael*:  
What ſhall I ſay; if threatnings or reward  
Could but haue bought his freedome; at my choyce  
Lay all my heart could number. *Her.* Peace, no more;  
I thinke what thou canſt vtter: O, this Sonne,  
This Baſtard Sonne hath onely ruind me:  
Hell neuer knew his equall; all my ſinnes  
Are but the ſeeds he planted: ſie, O ſie.

*Aug.* Do not afflict your ſelfe; tis Juſtice now  
Shall take the Cauſe in handling: Captaines harke,  
And harke *Niraleus*, doe as I command;  
Be vigilant and ſerious: goe, away.

*Whiſper, & Exit. Animis, Niraleus & the Guard.*

*Ani.* It ſhall beſo; theſe Viſions are to me,  
Like Old-wiues Tales, or Dreames of Goblins;  
And ſhall paſſe like them, ſcorn'd and ieſted at:  
Why, what to me is Conſcience? if I could  
Neglect it in my whole Courſe; ſhall I now  
Now when the Goale is gotten, ſtand affraid  
Of ſuch poore morall Shadowes? No, tis here,  
Harden'd by Hell and Cuſtome which ſhall keepe  
And out-face all ſuch Battrie: I'm my ſelfe,  
A King, a royall King; and that deare Ioy  
Shall bury all Offences: *Herod's* dead;  
And in his Graue, ſleepe my diſtemperance.

*Enter Niraleus, Animis bearing a Crowne, and a Guard.*

*Nir.* Health to the King of *Iuda.* *Ani.* Ha, what's that?

*Ani.* Long life vnto the King *Antipater.*  
Is the newes true then? is the Old man dead?  
The wretched poore Old man; and, haue my Starres  
Made me the man I wiſht for? O, you are

*The true Tragedy of*

My Nightingales of comfort, and shall sing  
Notes farre aboute your Fortunes. *Nir.* Sir, hee's dead;  
And in his death hath giuen you all, that *Rome*  
Before confirm'd vpon you; which we thus  
Fixe on your sacred Temples; onely craue,  
You will be pleas'd (as *Herod* did desire)  
That ere you do ascend the Soueraigne Chayre,  
First to behold his Body, and on it  
Bestow one Teare or naturall Sacrifice.

*Ant.* O tis a Rent most ready; Teares in me  
Are like Showers in the Spring time, euer blacke;  
But neuer farre from Sunshine: Come, I haue  
A longing heart and basie thoughts, which knowes  
There's much to doe in little time: away:  
I long to meet my glory; neuer hower  
Was Crown'd with better fate, or stronger power. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hilius, Officers with the Scaffold, & the Executioner.*

*Aug.* This Preparation's honest; so dispatch,  
And place these mortall Triumphs handiome:  
Sirrah, conceale your person; let no feare  
Make his feare grow too early. *Exr.* Tis, my Lord,  
My part to couch like Mischiefe, close, but sure;  
When I breake out I'm fatall. *Her.* Thou speakest truth;  
Would this day did not need thee: tis a world  
To thinke how strong our cares are; and how weake  
All things which doe but looke like comfort: there's  
Not left in me a shadow; nor a breath  
Of any hope hereafter; this Bastards faith,  
On which so much I doted, to be lost  
Thus against kinde and nature; tis a sinne,  
That reares my heart in pieces. *Aug.* Say not so;  
Tis rather comfort well discovered:  
But peace; see th'are approaching. *Sound Trumpets.*

*Enter Antipater, Niraleus, Animis, and the Guard.*

*Nir.* Giue way, stand backe; roome for the King of *Inda.*

*Ant.* No, let them throng about me; and behold  
Their glory, and Redeemer, Ha; what's this? a Vision?  
No; a mortall Prodigie: the King is huing: O, I'm lost

Past hope, and past imagination; by his side  
The Emperour *Augustus*: then I see,  
There is no way, but to destruction.

*Her.* Yes, to deserve destruction: wretched thing;  
Thou scorne of all are scorned; see, I live  
Only to sound thy Iudgement: thou, that thought'st  
To build thy Throane vpon my Sepulchre;  
See how th'art dash't in pieces. *Ant.* Gracious Sir,

*Aug.* Labour not for excuses; you haue runne  
A strange Cariere in Villany; and thrust  
All goodnesse from you with such violence,  
That Mercy dares not helpe you. *Ant.* Yet, my Lords,  
Heare mine vnfaigned Answer. *Her.* In thy brest  
Was neuer thing lookt like Simplicity;  
Thou hast made Goodnesse wretched, and defam'd  
All vertuous things that grac'd Nobility;  
Th'ast eate my blood vp; made my loathed life  
Onely a Scale to reach Confusion;  
Of these things I accuse thee; this I proue  
Both by my Life, my Death, and Infamie;  
And for this thou must perish: One, call forth  
The Minister of death; and in my view,  
Some minutes ere my dying; let me see  
His head tane from his body. *Ant.* Sir, O Sir,

Thinke that you are a Father. *Aug.* No, a King,  
And thence ordain'd for Iustice; to put backe  
Ought of that heauenly Office, were to throw  
Mountaines ith face of *Iupiter*; know y'are lost,  
Lost to all Mankinde and Mortality:  
Therefore to make your last houre better seeme,  
Then all that went before it; what you know  
Of Treasons vnreuealed; lay them forth:  
The worke will well become you. *Ant.* Is there no mercy?

*Aug.* Not vpon earth; nor for *Antipater*.

*Ant.* Then farewell Hope for euer; welcome Death;  
I, that haue made thee as mine Instrument,  
Will make thee my Companion; and, I thus  
Ascend and come to meete thee: Here I am



*The true Tragedy of*

A Monarch ouer all that looke on mee,  
And doe despise what all you tremble at:  
Sir, it is true, I meant your Tragedy;  
Did quite roote out your Issue; and if life  
Had held, would haue wipte out your Memory:  
This I confesse; and to this had no helpe;  
But mine ill thoughts and wicked *Salumiths*.

*Aug.* Was she assistant to you? *Ant.* Sir, shee was.  
Produce her presently. *Ant.* Sir, tis too late;  
The heart-strong Lady once imprisoned,  
Forsooke all foode, all comfort, and with sighes,  
Broke her poore heart in sunder. *Her.* And that word  
Hath brought mine vnto cracking; strike, O strike;  
Dispatch the Execution; or mine eyes  
Will not continue to behold the grace  
Of the reuenge I thirst for. *Ant.* Feare me not;  
I am as swift in my desire of death,  
As you are in your longings: Come, thou friend  
To great mens Feares, and poore mens Miseries,  
Strike, and strike home with boldnesse; here's a Life  
Thy steele my quench, not conquer, for the thought  
Exceeds all mortall Imitation:  
Greatnesse grew in my Cradle; with my Blood,  
Twasse fed to mature ripenesse; on my Graue,  
It shall, to all the Ages of the World,  
Lie in eternall dreadfull Epitaphs:  
This seruice men shall doe me; and my name  
Remaine a Bug-bear to Ambition. Come, I am now prepar'd.

*Exe.* Sir, will you please to kneele.

*Ant.* What to thy vildnes? Slaue, Ile stand as high  
And strong as is a Mountaine; strike, or perish.

*Exe.* I cannot then Sir doe mine Office.

*Enter Salumith betweene two Furies, waving a Torch.*

*Ant.* Poxe of your forme in these extremities,  
What, art thou there poore tortur'd Wickednes?  
And dost thou waite me to thee? Then, I come;  
I stoope, I fall, I will doe any thing;  
Thou art to me as Destiny: O stay,

My

*Herod and Antipater.*

My quicke Soule shall oreake thee : for, but ave,  
Neuer two reacht the height of Villany.

Strike, O strike. *Her. O-o-o*

*Here the Executioner strikes, and Herod dies.*

*Ang.* Whence came that deadly groane.

*Nir.* From the King; the blow the Hangman gaue *Antipater*,  
Tooke his life in the Instant: Sir, hee's dead.

*Ang.* The Gods haue shewed their wonders; some withdraw  
The Bodies and interre them: that; where none  
May pittie or lament him: th'other so;

As all men may admire him: for the Crowne,

Thus I bestow it on young *Archelaus*:

*Rome* makes thee King of *Iuda*; and erects

Thy Chayre and Throane within *Ierusalem.* *Sound Trumpets.*

*All.* Long liue *Archelaus*, King of *Ierusalem.*

*Arch.* I will be *Casars* seruant; and my life,  
I hope shall purge these woes from *Israel*.

*Ang.* Tis a sweet royall Promise; prosper in't;

Make Vertue thy Companion: for we see,

She builds their ruines, spring from Tyrannie. *Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPILOGUE.

**Y**'Aue heard a Tale, which not a noble Eare  
But ha's drunke with deuotion; and how ere  
It scant in phraze or action; yet it may

Ranke with some others, and be held a Play,  
Though not the best, nor worst; yet wee hope  
It keepe the middle passage; thats the scope  
Of our Ambition: But, of this w're bold,

A truer Story nere was writ, or told:

If Envy hurt it, tis our Fates; and we  
Begge but your hands, for the Reouerie.

FINIS.